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HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XVI. THE ERECTHEUM.

"No, by Jove, Brandon, not a bit of a snob! As green as an Arcadian, but no more of a snob than . . ."

Sir Charles Burgoyne was going to say, "than you are;" but he changed his mind, and said, instead:

"—than Castletowers himself."

"I call any man a snob who quotes Bion and Moschus in his familiar talk," replied the other, all unconscious of his friend's hesitation. "How the deuce is one to remember anything about Bion and Moschus? and what right has he to make a fellow look like a fool?"

"Unfeeling, I admit," replied Sir Charles, languidly.

"I hate your learned people," said Brandon, irritably. "And I hate parvenus. Ignorant parvenus are bad enough; but learned parvenus are the worst of all. He's both—hang him!"

"Hang him, by all means!" said another young man, approaching the window at which the two were standing. "May I ask who he is, and what he has done?"

It was in one of the princely reading-rooms of the Eretheum Club, Pall-Mall. The two first speakers were the Honourable Edward Brandon, third and youngest son of Hardicanute, fourteenth Earl of Ipswich, and Sir Charles Burgoyne, Baronet, of the Second Life Guards.

There are men whom nature seems to have run up by contract, and the Honourable Edward Brandon was one of them. He was just like one of those slight, unsubstantial, fashionable houses that spring up every day like mushrooms about Bayswater and South Kensington, and are hired under the express condition of never being danced in. He was very young, very tall, and as economically supplied with brain and muscle as a man could well be. The very smallest appreciable weight of knowledge would have broken down his understanding at any moment; and his little ornaments of manner were all in the flimsiest modern taste, and of the merest stucco. He "dipped" occasionally into Bell's Life and the Court Circular. He had read half of the first

volume of Mr. Soapey Sponge's Sporting Tour. He played croquet pretty well, and billiards very badly, and was saturated through and through with smoke, like a Finnan haddock.

Sir Charles Burgoyne was a man of a very different stamp. He was essentially one of a class; but then, ethnologically speaking, his class was many degrees higher than that of Mr. Brandon. He was better built, and better furnished. He rode well; was a good shot; played a first rate game at billiards; was gifted with a certain lazy impertinence of speech and manner that passed for wit, and was so effeminately fair of complexion and regular of feature, that he was popularly known among his brother-officers as the Beauty.

The last comer—short, sallow, keen-eyed, somewhat flippant in his address, and showy in his attire—was Laurence Greatorex, Esquire, only son, heir, and partner of Sir Samuel Greatorex, Knight, the well known banker and alderman of Lombard-street, City.

"Hang him, by all means!" said this gentleman, with charming impartiality. "Who is he? and what has he done?"

"We were speaking of the new member," replied Brandon.

"What, Cæsus Trefalden? Pshaw! the man's an outer barbarian. What social enormity has he been committing now?"

"He's been offending Brandon's delicate sense of propriety by quoting Greek," said the Beauty.

"Greek! Unpardonable offence. What shall we do to him? Muzzle him?"

"Condemn him to feed on Greek roots for the term of his natural life, like Timon of Athens," suggested the Beauty, lazily.

"He's little better than a savage, as it is," said Mr. Greatorex, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. "He knows nothing of life, and cares nothing for it either. Last Tuesday, when all the fellows were wild about the great fight down at Barney's Croft, he sat and read Homer, as if it were the news of the day. He's an animated anachronism—that's what he is, Sir Charles."

"Who the deuce is he?" ejaculated Brandon.

"Where does he come from?"

"Heaven knows. His father was a black-letter folio, I believe, and his mother a palimpsest."

"You're too witty to-day, Mr. Greatorex," sneered Burgoyne.

"Then he's so offensively rich! Why, he put down a thousand yesterday for Willis's subscription. There's his name at the head of the list. Makes us look rather small—eh?"

"Confound his assurance!" broke out Brandon. "He's not been here much more than a week. What's Willis to him, that he should give more than the oldest members of the club?"

"Well, it's a munificent donation," said the Guardsman, good naturedly.

"Munificent? Hang his munificence! I suppose the members of the Eretheum can pension off a secretary, who has served them for fifteen years, without the help of a thousand pounds from a puppy like that!"

"Your virtuous indignation, Brandon, is quite refreshing," said Burgoyne. "How long have you been here, for instance? Half a year?"

"It was in bad taste, anyhow," said Greatorex; "deuced bad taste. It's always the way with your nouveaux riches. A man who had been wealthy all his life would have known better."

"Yourself, par exemple," retorted the Guardsman, insolently.

"Just so, Sir Charles; but then I'm to the money-market born, so hardly a case in point."

"Where did this Trefalden get his fortune?" asked Brandon. "I've heard that some fellow left it to him a hundred years ago, and that it has been accumulating ever since; but that's nonsense, of course."

"Sounds like a pecuniary version of the Sleeping Beauty," observed the baronet, parenthetically.

"I know no more than you do, Mr. Brandon," replied Greatorex. "I have heard only the common story of how this money has been lying at compound interest for a century or more, and has devolved to our pre-Adamite friend at last, bringing him as many millions as he has fingers. Some say double that sum; but ten are enough for my credulity."

"Does he bank with Sir Samuel?" asked Brandon.

"No. Our shop lies too far east for him, I suspect. He has taken his millions to Drummond's. By the way, Sir Charles, what have you decided upon doing with that brown mare of yours? You seemed half inclined to part from her a few days ago."

"You mean the Lady of Lyons?"

"I do."

"Sold her, Mr. Greatorex."

"Sold her, Sir Charles?"

"Yes—cab and all."

The banker turned very red, and bit his lip.

"Would it be a liberty to ask the name of the purchaser?" said he.

"Perhaps it would," replied the Guardsman.

"But I don't mind telling you. It's Mr. Trefalden."

"Trefalden! Then, upon my soul, Sir Charles, it's too bad! I'm sorry to hear it. I am

indeed. I had hoped—in fact, I had expected—upon my soul, I had expected, Sir Charles, that you would have given me the opportunity. Money would have been no object. I would have given a fancy price for that mare with pleasure."

"Thank you, I did not want a fancy price," replied the Guardsman, haughtily.

"Besides, if you'll excuse me, Sir Charles, I must say I don't think it was quite fair either."

"Fair?" echoed Burgoyne. "Really, Mr. Greatorex, I do not apprehend your meaning."

"Well, you know, Sir Charles, I spoke first; and as for Cressus Trefalden, who scarcely knows a horse from a buffalo . . ."

"Mr. Saxon Trefalden is the friend of Lord Castletowers," interrupted Burgoyne, still more haughtily, "and I was very happy to oblige him."

If Sir Charles Burgoyne had not been a baronet, a guardsman, and a member of the Eretheum Club, it is possible that Mr. Greatorex of Lombard-street would have given him the retort uncourteous; but as matters stood, he only grew a little redder; looked at his watch in some confusion; and prudently swallowed his annoyance.

"Oh, of course—in that case," stammered he—"Lord Castletowers being your friend, I have nothing more to say. Do you go down to his place in Surrey next week, by-the-by?"

"Do you?" said Burgoyne, smoothing his flaxen moustache, and looking down at the small City man with half-closed eyes.

"I hope so, since his lordship has been kind enough to invite me; but we are so deucedly busy in Lombard-street just now that . . . pshaw! twelve o'clock already, and I am due in the City at twenty minutes past. Not a moment to lose. 'I know a bank,' et cætera—but there's no wild time there for anybody between twelve and three! Good morning, Mr. Brandon. Good morning, Sir Charles."

The baronet bent his head about a quarter of an inch, and almost before the other was out of hearing, said:

"That man is bourgeois to the tips of his fingers, and insufferably familiar. Why do you tolerate him, Brandon?"

"Oh, he's not a bad fellow," replied Brandon.

"He's a snob, pur et simple—a snob, with the wardrobe of a tailor's assistant, and the manners of a valet. You called young Trefalden a snob just now, and I told you it was a mistake. Apply the title to this little money-jobber, and I won't contradict you. The fact is, Brandon, I abominate him. I wish it was possible to blackball him out of the club. If I'd been in town when he was proposed, I'll be hanged if he should have ever got in. I can't think what you fellows were about, to admit him!"

Charley Burgoyne was a lazy man; for him this was a very long and energetic speech. But the Honourable Edward Brandon only shook his head in a helpless, irritable way, and repeated his former assertion.

"I tell you, Burgoyne," he said, "Greatorex isn't a bad fellow."

Sir Charles Burgoyne shrugged his shoulders, and yawned.

"Oh, very well," he replied. "Have it your own way. I hate argument."

"Castletowers likes him," said the young man. "Castletowers asks him down to Surrey, you see."

"Castletowers is too good natured by half."

"And Vaughan . . ."

"Vaughan owes him money, and just endures him."

The Honourable Edward Brandon rubbed his head all over, looking more helpless and more irritable than before. It was a very small head, and there was very little in it.

"Confound him!" groaned he. "He has taken up paper of mine, too. I *must* be civil to him."

Sir Charles Burgoyne gave utterance to a dismal whistle; thrust his hands deep down into his pockets; and said nothing.

"What else can I do?" said Brandon.

"Pay him."

"You might as well tell me to eat him!"

"Nonsense. Borrow the money from somebody else."

"I wish I could. I wish I knew whom to ask. I should be so very grateful, you know. It's only two hundred and fifty."

And the young fellow stared hard at the Guardsman, who stared just as hard at the Duke of York's column over the way.

"You can't suggest any one?" he continued, after a moment.

"I, my dear fellow? Diable! I haven't an idea."

"You—couldn't manage it for me yourself, I suppose?"

Sir Charles Burgoyne took his hands from his pockets, and his hat from a neighbouring peg.

"Edward Brandon," he said, impressively, "I'm as poor as Saint Simeon Stylites."

"Never heard of the fellow in my life," said Brandon, peevishly. "Who is he?"

"My dear boy, your religious education has been neglected. Look for him in your catechism, and, 'when found, make a note of.'"

"I'll tell you what it is, Burgoyne," said Brandon, suspicious of "chaff," and, like all weak people when they are out of temper, slightly spiteful—"poor, or not poor, you're a clever fellow at a bargain. Talk of your not wanting a fancy price, indeed! What's five hundred guineas if it's not a fancy price, I should like to know?"

"Mon enfant, you know nothing about it," said the Guardsman, placidly.

"I know it was an awful lot too much for that mare and cab."

"The mare and cab were dirt cheap at the money."

"Cheap! cheap—when to my certain knowledge you only gave a hundred and twenty for

the Lady of Lyons, and have had the best part of two seasons out of her since!"

The Beauty listened with an imperturbable smile, drew on his gloves, buttoned them, adjusted his hat, and, having done all these things with studied deliberation, replied:

"My dear Brandon, I really envy your memory. Cultivate it, my good fellow, and it will be a credit to you. Au revoir."

With this he went over to the nearest glass, corrected the tie of his cravat, and sauntered towards the door. He had not reached it, however, when he paused, turned, and came back again.

"By-the-by," said he, "if you're in any present difficulty, and actually want that two hundred and fifty—do you want it?"

"Oh, by Jove, don't I! Never wanted it so much in my life."

"Well, then, there's Trefalden. He's as rich as the Bank of England, and flings his money about like water. Ask him, Brandon. He'll be sure to lend it to you. Vale."

And the baronet once more turned on his heel, leaving his irritable young friend to swear off his indignation as best he could. Whereupon the Honourable Edward Brandon, addressing himself apparently to the Duke of York upon his column, did swear with "bated breath" and remarkable fluency; rubbed his head frantically, till he looked like an electrical doll; and finally betook himself to the billiard-room.

When they were both gone, a gentleman who had been sitting in the adjoining window, entrenched behind, and apparently absorbed in, the Times of the day, laid his paper aside; entered a couple of names in his pocket-book, smiling quietly the while; and then left the room. He paused on his way out, to speak to the hall porter.

"I have waited for Mr. Trefalden," he said, "till I can wait no longer. You are sure he has not gone up-stairs?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Be so good, then, as to give him this card, and say, if you please, that I will call upon him at his chambers to-morrow."

The porter laid the card aside with the new member's letters, of which there were several. It bore the name of William Trefalden.

CHAPTER XVII. SAXON AT HOME.

"MR. TREFALDEN."

Thus announced by a stately valet, who received him with marked condescension in the ante-chamber, and even deigned to open the door of the reception-room beyond, Mr. Trefalden passed into his cousin's presence. He was not alone. Lord Castletowers and Sir Charles Burgoyne were there; Lord Castletowers leaning familiarly over the back of Saxon's chair, dictating the words of a letter which Saxon was writing; Sir Charles Burgoyne extended at full length on a sofa, smoking a cigarette with his eyes closed. Both visitors were obviously as much at home as if in their own chambers. They

had been breakfasting with Saxon, and the table was yet loaded with pâtés, coffee, liqueurs, and all the luxurious et ceteras of a second déjeuner.

Saxon flung away his pen, sprang forward, seized his cousin by both hands, and poured forth a torrent of greetings.

"How good of you to come," he exclaimed, "after having taken the trouble to go yesterday to the club! I was so sorry to miss you! I meant to hunt you up this very afternoon in Chancery-lane. I have been an ungrateful fellow not to do so a week ago, and I'm sure I don't know how to excuse myself. I've thought of you, cousin William, every day."

"I should have been sorry to bring you into the dingy atmosphere of the City," said Mr. Trefalden, pleasantly. "I had far rather see you thus, enjoying the good things which the gods have provided for you."

And with this, Mr. Trefalden shook hands with Lord Castletowers, hoped Lady Castletowers was well, bowed to Sir Charles Burgoyne, and dropped into an easy-chair.

"You were writing," he said, "when I came in. Pray go on."

Saxon blushed scarlet.

"Oh no," he said, shyly, "the letters can wait."

"So can I—and smoke a cigar in the mean while."

"They—that is, Lord Castletowers was helping me to write them—telling me what to say, in fact. He calls me the 'Impolite Letter Writer,' and says I must learn to turn fine phrases, and say the elegant things that nobody means."

"The things that nobody means are the things that everybody likes," said the Earl.

"I have often wished," said Burgoyne, from the sofa, "that some clever person would write a handbook of civil speeches—a sort of 'Ready Liar,' you know, or 'Perjurer's Companion.' It would save a fellow so much trouble!"

"I wish there were such a book, if only to teach *you* better manners," retorted Castletowers.

"I don't pretend to have the manners of a lord," said the Beauty, languidly.

"If you were the lord of my manors, you wouldn't have many to boast of," replied Castletowers, with a light-hearted laugh.

Burgoyne opened his eyes, and took the cigarette from his mouth.

"Listen to this fellow!" said he, "this bloated capitalist, who talks like a Diogenes turned out of his tub! Castletowers, I am ashamed of you."

"Compare me to Diogenes, if you like," replied the Earl; "but to a Diogenes who has a dear old Elizabethan tub still left, thank Heaven! and a few old oaks to shelter it. Few enough, and old enough, more's the pity!"

"And I," said Burgoyne, with a yawn, "haven't a stick of timber left, barring my genealogical tree. My last oaks vanished in the last Derby."

The Earl looked at his watch.

"If this note is to be delivered by two o'clock," said he, "it must be finished at once; and since Mr. Trefalden gives us leave . . ."

"I do not only give leave," said Mr. Trefalden, "I entreat."

Saxon took up his pen, and, pointing to a heap of notes on the mantelshef, said:

"You will find one there for yourself, cousin William; and you must be sure to come."

"Invitations, young man?"

"Yes, to a dinner at Richmond, next Saturday."

Mr. Trefalden put the note in his pocket unopened; smoked away with a quiet, meditative smile; and took a leisurely survey of the room as the dictation proceeded. Not one of its multitudinous details escaped him—not one but told him some anecdote of the last ten days of Saxon's new life. There were several pictures standing about on chairs, or leaning against the walls. Some were painted in oils and some in water-colours, and nearly all were views in Switzerland. There were piles of new music; stacks of costly books in rich bindings; boxes of cigars and gloves; a bust of Shakespeare in marble; a harmonium; a cabinet of Florentine mosaic-work; a marvellous Etruscan vase on a pedestal of verde antico; a couple of silver-mounted rifles; a sideboard loaded with knick-knacks in carved ivory, crystal, silver filigree, and egg-shell china; and a sofa-table heaped with notes, visiting cards, loose silver, and tradesmen's bills. On the chimney-piece stood a pair of bronze tazzas, a silver inkstand with a little Cupid perched upon the lid, and a giallo model of the Parthenon. A gold-headed riding-whip and a pair of foils lay on the top of the harmonium; and a faded bouquet in a tumbler occupied a bracket, from which a French pendule had been ignominiously displaced. William Trefalden was an observant man, and drew his inferences from these trifles. He found out that his young Arcadian was learning to ride, fence, make acquaintances, and spend his money royally. Above all, he took note of the bouquet on the bracket. There was nothing remarkable about it. It was just like five hundred other bouquets that one sees in the course of a season; and yet Mr. Trefalden looked at it more than once, and smiled under cover of a cloud of smoke each time that he did so.

"—and that you will permit me to have the great pleasure of driving you down in the afternoon," said Lord Castletowers, dictating over Saxon's shoulder.

"Drive her down!" echoed the scribe, in dismay. "I drive her from London to Richmond?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"I can't. I don't drive well enough. I have never driven anything but an old blind mare in a rickety Swiss charette, in my life. I should break her neck, and my own too!"

"Oh, never mind. You can give the reins to Burgoyne or to me. It doesn't matter."

"Then how shall I put it? Shall I say '*and that you will permit Lord Castletowers to have the pleasure of. . .*'?"

"Nonsense! Write what I told you at first, and leave me to arrange it, when it comes to the point."

Saxon shook his head.

"No, no," said he. "I must not ask to be allowed the pleasure of driving her down, when I know all the time I am not going to do anything of the sort. It wouldn't be true."

A faint blush mounted to the Earl's honest brow; but Sir Charles Burgoyne smiled compassionately.

"Suppose, now," said Saxon, "that I tell her I've bought a new mail phaeton, and hope she will accept a seat in it on Saturday—will that do?"

"Famously. She'll of course conclude that you drive, and the rest is easily managed when the time comes. Let's see how it reads . . . hum . . . '*which I trust you will honour with your presence; also that you will permit me to offer you a seat in my mail phaeton, if the day be fine enough for my friends to drive down in open carriages.*'"

"Open carriages," repeated Saxon, as his pen travelled to the end of the sentence. "Anything more?"

"No; I think that is enough."

"Then I only add—'*yours very truly, Saxon Trefalden.*' I suppose?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Isn't it polite enough?" asked Saxon, laughing.

"Polite enough? Didn't I tell you half an hour ago that to be commonly polite is nothing in a case like this? You must approach her on your knees, my dear fellow, and offer up your little Richmond dinner as if it were a burnt sacrifice to the immortal gods! Say—'*Condescend, madam, to accept my respectful homage, and allow me to subscribe myself, with the profoundest admiration, your obedient and faithful servant, Saxon Trefalden.*' That's the way to put it, Burgoyne?"

"Oh, unquestionably," yawned that gentleman. "You can't crowd too much sail."

"May I inquire to which Princess of the Blood Royal this letter is addressed?" asked Mr. Trefalden.

"To a far greater She than any princess," replied Castletowers. "To the prima donna of the season—to the Graziana herself!"

Mr. Trefalden slightly elevated his eyebrows on receiving this tremendous information, but said nothing.

"And she's the grandest creature!" ejaculated Saxon, now folding and sealing his note. "Burgoyne introduced me to her last night, behind the scenes. You can't think what a gracious manner she has, cousin William!"

"Really?"

"She gave me that bouquet up there—it had just been thrown to her."

"How condescending!"

"Wasn't it?—and I such an utter stranger—a nobody, you know! I felt, I assure you, as if I were in the presence of Juno herself. There, the note's quite ready."

And Saxon, all unconscious of the faint touch of sarcasm in his cousin's voice, lifted up his bright young face with a smile of boyish exultation, and rang the bell.

"Gillingwater, send Curtis at once with this note, and tell him to wait for an answer. Anybody here?"

"Young man from Facet and Carat's, sir, with case of jules. Young man from Cartridge and Trigger's, with harms. Passle from Colnaggy's; passle from Breidenback's; passle from Fortnum and Mason's; passle from Crammer and Beale's," replied Saxon's magnificent valet.

"The parcels can wait. The messengers may come in."

Mr. Gillingwater retired, and the "young men" were immediately ushered in; one with a small mahogany box under his arm; the other carrying a still smaller morocco case. The first contained a brace of costly inlaid pistols; the second, three bracelets of different designs.

"By Jove, what pistols!" exclaimed Castletowers. "Look here, Burgoyne, did you ever see such finish?"

"Never. They might be worn by the Sultan."

"They are exact fac-similes of those made for his Highness the Maharajah of Jubblepore," observed the messenger.

Sir Charles examined the weapons with the interest of a connoisseur.

"What a Bashaw you are, Trefalden!" he said. "We shall have you cantering down Rotten-row on a white elephant before long. These are really the most gorgeous pistols I have seen. Who are the bangles for? The Graziana?"

"One of them, if . . ."

"If what?"

"If you think she would not be offended?"

"Offended, my dear fellow! Is pussy offended if you offer her a cup of milk? or Carlo, if you present him with a bone?"

"What do you mean?" said Saxon, quite shocked at the levity of these comparisons.

"I mean, that every woman would sell her soul for a handful of diamonds and an ounce of wrought gold, and that our fair friend is no exception to the rule. What put it into your head, Trefalden, to give her a bracelet?"

"It was Mr. Greatorex's idea."

"Humph! Just like him. Greatorex has such generous impulses—at other people's expense!"

"I was very much obliged to him for thinking of it," said Saxon, somewhat warmly. "As I am to any friend who is kind enough to tell me what the customs of society are," he added, more gently.

"They are very beautiful bracelets, all three of them," said Lord Castletowers.

"That's right. Which shall I take?"

"The garter set with rubies," said Sir Charles Burgoyne.

"The snake with the diamond head," said the Earl.

"The opals and diamonds," said William Trefalden.

Saxon laughed, and shook his head.

"If you each give me different advice," said he, "what am I to do?"

"Choose for yourself," replied his cousin.

And so Saxon, very diffidently and hesitatingly, chose for himself, and took the one his cousin had preferred.

"And pray what may be the cost of this magnificent trifle?" asked Mr. Trefalden, when the choice was made, and the messengers had made their bows and vanished.

"I have no idea," replied Saxon.

"Do you mean that you have bought it without having made any inquiry as to its price?"

"Of course."

"Pray do you never inquire before you purchase?"

"Never. Why do you smile?"

"Because I fear your tradesmen will charge you at any fabulous rate they please."

"Why, so they could in any case! What do I know, for instance, of opals and diamonds, except that the opal is a hydrate of silica, and the diamond a compound of charcoal and oxygen? They might ask me what price they pleased for this bracelet, and I, in my ignorance of its value, should buy it, just the same."

"It is well for you, Trefalden, that you have the purse of Fortunatus to dip your hand into," said Sir Charles Burgoyne.

"But even Fortunatus must take care that his purse has no hole in the bottom of it," added Mr. Trefalden. "You are a bad financier, my dear Saxon; and you and I must have a little practical conversation some day on these matters. By the way, I have really some business points to discuss with you. When can you give up an hour or two to pure and unmixed boredom?"

"When you please, cousin William."

"Well—this evening?"

"This evening, unfortunately, I have promised to dine at the club with Greatorex, and two or three others, and we are going afterwards to the opera."

"To-morrow evening, then?"

"And to-morrow my new phaeton is coming home, and we are going in it to Blackwall—Lord Castletowers and Sir Charles Burgoyne, I mean."

"Then, on Saturday . . ."

"On Saturday, I hope you will join us at Richmond. Don't forget it, cousin William. You have the note, you know, in your pocket."

Mr. Trefalden smiled somewhat gravely.

"Are you already such an epicurean that you want the traditional skeleton at your feast?" said he. "No, no, Saxon. I am a man of business, and have no leisure for such symposia."

You must dispense with my grim presence—and I, apparently, must dispense with yours. I had no notion that you were such a man of fashion as to have all your evenings engaged in this manner."

"I can't think how it is," replied Saxon, in some confusion. "I certainly have made more appointments than I was aware of. My friends are so kind to me, and plan so many things to give me pleasure, that—will Sunday do, cousin William? You might come up here and dine with me; or we might . . ."

"I am always engaged on Sundays," said Mr. Trefalden, drily.

"Then on Monday?"

"Yes, I can see you on Monday, if you will really be at leisure."

"Of course I will be at leisure."

"But you must come to me. I shall be very busy, and can only see you after office hours."

"I will come to you, cousin, at any time you please," said Saxon, earnestly.

"At eight in the evening?"

"At eight."

Mr. Trefalden entered the hour and date in his pocket-book, and rose to take his leave.

"I had hoped that you would spare me a day or two next week, Mr. Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers, as they shook hands at parting. "Your cousin has promised to come down, and we have a meet, and some evening parties coming off; and a breath of country air would do you good before the summer sets in."

But Mr. Trefalden shook his head.

"I thank you, Lord Castletowers," he replied; "but it is impossible. I am as firmly chained to Chancery-lane for the next five months as any galley-slave to his oar."

"But, my dear sir, is it worth any man's while to be a galley-slave, if he can help it?" asked the Earl.

"Perhaps. It depends on the motive; and self-imposed chains are never very heavy to the wearer."

And with this, Mr. Trefalden bowed to both gentlemen, and left the room, followed by his cousin.

"That's a quiet, deep fellow," said Burgoyne.

"He is a very gentlemanly, pleasant, clever man," replied the Earl, "and has been our solicitor for years."

"I don't like him."

"You don't know him."

"True—do you?"

Lord Castletowers hesitated.

"Well, upon my soul," laughed he, "I cannot say that I do, personally. But, as I tell you, he is my solicitor, and I like him. I only speak from my impressions."

"And I from mine. He is not my solicitor, and I don't like him. He thinks too much, and says too little."

In the mean while, Saxon was warmly wringing his cousin's hand at the door of the ante-room, and saying, in a low, earnest tone,

"Indeed you must not suppose I have become a man of fashion, or an epicurean, cousin William; or that I would not rather—far rather—spend an evening with you than at any of these fine places. I am so very sorry I cannot come to you before Monday."

"Monday will be quite soon enough, my dear Saxon," replied Mr. Trefalden, kindly; "and I am glad to see you so well amused. At eight o'clock, then?"

"Yes, at eight. You will see how punctual I shall be—and you must give me some good advice, cousin William, and always tell me of my faults—won't you?"

"Humph! That will depend on circumstances, and yourself. In the mean while, don't buy any more diamond bracelets without first inquiring the price."

MODERN TORTURE.

THE history of the last revolutionary movement in Germany, of which the year 1848 is the type, may be given in few words. When Louis Philippe's throne was tottering under him, the excitement prevalent in France rapidly spread beyond the Rhine, and the German nations raised their voices for "Liberty of the Press," "Trial by Jury," "Regulation of the Suffrage Laws," &c. &c., all of which were at first haughtily refused, and afterwards, when demanded at the point of the sword, most abjectly granted by the rulers. For a time the German leaders had it all their own way; the people stood by them with their lives and their possessions, and the kings were either powerless or altogether dethroned; but instead of acting with energy and promptitude, the leaders talked and theorised, wrote pamphlets and made speeches, as has been the way of Germans from time immemorial. Meanwhile, the kings and their adherents promised, lied—lied and promised again—above all, took their measures according to a well-laid plan, and in the end were completely victorious "by the grace of God." A reaction took—or seemed to take—place; the best among the patriots, as honest and true men as the world ever saw, were beheaded or imprisoned, and the nation went once more to sleep in its chains, apparently not to be roused again but by some strong outward impulse, having gained nothing but bitter experience, in spite of all the bloodshed and all the noble devotion and self-sacrifice.

Mr. Röckel's book, *Sachsen's Erhebung und das Zuchthaus zu Waldheim*, which is creating a sensation in the "Fatherland," treats of the revolution in Saxony and of the author's prison life at "Schloss Waldheim." He left Aix-la-Chapelle, where he had been implicated in the quarrels between Roman Catholics and Protestants, when a mere student, and in 1830 arrived in Paris in time to be a witness of the July Revolution, and to become personally acquainted with Lafayette, Lafitte, and

other leaders of the Revolution. In 1832 he came to England, where he learned from the grand Reform movement how the mightiest state changes can be easily and peaceably effected if the government will only understand its position as the *servant* of the state, and honestly endeavour to do its duty in that capacity.

But the pain he felt at the contempt with which his nation was looked upon in these foreign countries, combined with his ardent love for his own country, made him return to Germany in the year 1835; and ten years later, in 1848, we find him in the capacity of sub-conductor at the Royal Opera at Dresden, and amongst the defenders of the barricades. He had previously, when the question of arming the people was first raised, written a pamphlet on the subject, which brought him into very bad odour with the government, and even procured him a short imprisonment, from which he had only been released upon a bail of ten thousand thalers being paid by an unknown friend. When fighting on the barricades, which appeared too low and inefficient against the advance of the king's troops, he had suggested the use of pitch-rings, which should be placed on the top of the barricades and set fire to, in case the soldiers came too near—a proposal that was first adopted by the provisional government, and then, when Mr. Röckel and his assistants had just commenced the manufacture of the pitch-rings, countermanded by it, and abandoned by them. But the possible mischief those pitch-rings might have done—for it was afterwards asserted that they were to have set fire to the king's palace, and had done so to the Opera House—which had been burnt down three days before the pitch-rings had ever been thought of—these pitch-rings, that had been nipped in the bud, and the above-mentioned pamphlet, formed the principal accusations at his trial.

On the 7th of May, 1849, intelligence was received by the provisional government at Dresden that considerable reinforcements had arrived at a neighbouring village, who demanded to be safely conducted into the town. Mr. Röckel undertook to be their guide, but fell into the hands of the enemy's outposts, and was made prisoner in the attempt.

"Although unarmed," writes Mr. Röckel, "and perfectly unknown, and therefore not even to be considered as an enemy, but only as a simple wanderer, I was, on the way to the powder-magazine, in the presence of the officers, and without their making any effort to protect me, struck in the face by some of the soldiers, and pushed and knocked about with the butt-ends of their muskets by others. Arrived at the magazine, I was pushed into a large room, where I found already about fifty prisoners assembled. They emptied my pockets, and in consequence of some papers they had found in them, I was taken to the commanding colonel. Here, where none but officers were present, and under the very eyes of their superiors, the younger ones emulated the example of the soldiers by trying

their physical powers on my body, until the colonel blandly requested them to keep quiet. As, however, they had by this time become acquainted with my name, the young gentlemen possibly only chose this proceeding as a method for expressing their loyalty. One young officer particularly showed his zeal and valour by tying my hands on my back with such force that the cords cut deep into the flesh, and the veins were swollen unto bursting."

He was then taken from one place of confinement to another, maltreated by officers and soldiers in the most barbarous manner—indeed, it appears that his captors were in two minds whether they might not as well rid themselves of the trouble of looking after him, or any other prisoner, by throwing him into the Elbe, or shooting him down, as they had *actually done* in the case of a certain young physician, Dr. Haussmann. (By the way, it was about the services of such soldiers that the King of Prussia, Frederick William the Fourth, wrote to Count Waldersee: "The reports about the excellent conduct of the officers and grenadiers fill my heart with joy and my eyes with tears. You command a splendid regiment, and I would kiss all your people. Oh, that I could be amongst you!") One day and night the narrator spent amongst a numerous transport of prisoners in one of the Dresden churches, where they were made a sort of exhibition of—people walking in and freely abusing them, hitting them and spitting in their faces. Towards the end of August he was suddenly called up in the middle of the night, and, in company with Heubner and Bakunin, two of the heads of the provisional government, put in chains, and, under a strong military escort, conducted to the fortress Königstein. Here he was taken to a room, not otherwise uncomfortable than that the authorities had deemed it expedient to have a great wooden box put up outside the window of a fortress situated on the very edge of a precipice one thousand one hundred feet high, evidently with no other purpose than to give the prisoner the smallest possible allowance of the light of heaven. The treatment in this stronghold does not seem to have given cause for great complaint, and the prisoner's existence was on the whole as endurable as it could be in solitary confinement and perfect exclusion from all that went on in the world outside. This latter hardship was felt most keenly by men of public and political character, and although they enjoyed many indulgences, such as books—which were even furnished from the Royal Library at Dresden—writing materials, and every physical comfort, they gladly entered into a plan of flight, proposed to them by some sympathising soldiers; the project was, however, discovered, and their escape prevented.

Meanwhile, the trial of the prisoner dragged slowly on. It lasted until the 14th of January, 1850; the indictment was *Treason*, and the sentence *Death*.

The sentence was communicated to the prisoners on the 16th of April, but the honourable

character of the King of Saxony—honourable in spite of all his errors—was sufficient guarantee that it would never be executed. But what, then, was to be done with the prisoners? The very fact that the government had, in order to secure the sentence to itself, trespassed upon the law by eluding a jury and accepting the judgment of its own paid functionaries, justified the assumption that it would be satisfied with this not very enviable triumph, and finally offer an atonement to the offended majesty of the law, and crown itself with the honour of clemency, by exiling them perhaps to America, or some such punishment. This seems to have been generally expected, and the amazement of the prisoners, and even of their keepers, was great when the sentence was commuted into "imprisonment for life in the house of correction." The place chosen for their imprisonment was Schloss Waldheim, an ancient hunting-place of the Electors of Meissen, of the sixteenth century.

On his arrival at Waldheim, the prisoner was searched, and every article of value taken from him. Then he was conducted to the "solitary cells," which were situated on the ground floor, one of which was opened for his reception. It was a dark narrow place, very scantily furnished, and with only one small strongly-barred window, at a considerable height from the floor. After awhile a surgeon made his appearance, before whom he had to undress; then, a barber who cut his beard off; and after him, one of the keepers, to crop his hair, which latter performance concluded the prison toilette. The meals consisted of a basin of thin brownish gruel for breakfast, one ditto of pea-soup for dinner, a repetition of the morning's gruel for supper, and a pound and a half of bread for the day. Although the prisoner was alone, yet was he not undisturbed. At about man's height in the door there was an aperture of the size of a playing-card, through which he was being surveyed all day long. On the morning after his arrival, he was taken to the bath-room, where, after his ablutions, he had to put on the prison dress. The governor, "Captain" Christ, as he loved to style himself, received him kindly, although he enjoyed the reputation of a most unmitigated ruffian; and indeed not without cause, for though naturally not of an unkind disposition, he was occasionally given to attacks of ungovernable rage, and at such times subjected the prisoners to the most barbarous punishments. These consisted in a variety of thirteen different kinds, and were written up on a large board in the entrance-hall of the "solitary cells," situated on the ground floor. The list began with "reduction of rations," and continued then with simple arrest, close arrest, dark arrest, hard bed, sick diet of the third class, "jumpers," short fetters, the log, the lath-room, flogging with rods, flogging with a stick, flogging with the knout. This list requires some explanation. The reduction of rations simply consisted in giving the culprit nothing but one pound of bread with some water per day, instead of any warm food. This

lightest of all the corrections invariably accompanied any other kind of punishment, "sick diet of the third class" alone excepted, which consisted of twelve ounces of white bread soaked in warm water, on the surface of which floated a few grease-spots; this dish was served up to the culprit three times a day, and resulted in a craving greedy hunger which lasted for years, and often ended in death. Simple arrest—a very rare punishment—consisted only in isolation and reduction of rations; close arrest, in placing the culprit in a narrow cage, which allowed him only to stand upright; dark arrest added to all this the complete exclusion of light. The "lath-room" was a very ingenious contrivance: the floor as well as the walls of this chamber were covered with laths of this shape AAA, made of a very hard wood. In order further to aggravate this punishment, the prisoner had to put on a very thin costume, without leather soles to his feet, so that, wherever he might stand or lean, the sharp edges should cut the better into his flesh. A young and zealous curate, soon after assuming the chaplaincy of the prison, made a short trial of this punishment, and assured Mr. Röckel that he could not have borne it for a quarter of an hour. Mr. Röckel asserts that some prisoners were condemned to *ten days* in this chamber, and that even *women* were not excepted from the punishment. "Short fetters" obliged the culprit to sit with his right hand fastened to his left foot in a very low cage, that allowed him no room whatever to move. The "log" was a log of wood of various weights, which was fastened by a long chain to the foot of the prisoner, who, when he walked, had to carry it in his arms. The "jumper" consisted in a short chain fastened to both feet, which enabled the culprit to take only very short steps. The various kinds of flogging explain themselves, and the first-named kind, that with rods, was even applied to women; as the execution was, however, entrusted to one of the male keepers, the order was that the female culprit should wear a thin pair of trousers: an order that was frequently overlooked, for "what was the use of flogging the trousers?" The inordinate extent to which this punishment was applied may be estimated if we mention that, whilst for instance in the year 1857 only two hundred and thirty-seven men of nineteen thousand one hundred prisoners in the English prisons were chastised with flogging—but, since time out of mind, nobody ever had dreamt of flogging a *woman*—in this one single house of correction in Saxony, with an average number of from eight hundred to a thousand prisoners, the number of stripes in one year amounted to twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand, and that among from one hundred to one hundred and fifty women there were always from sixty to eighty to whom this correction was applied. A good deal of this brutality was, however, owing to the punishment laws of King Johann, according to which every convict brought back to prison had to be received with sixty stripes. The governor was absolute judge in regard to these

punishments, which he might distribute according to his pleasure upon the slightest misdemeanour. There was no appeal; but when, later, Governor Heink too greatly abused this power, an order was issued that he should not exceed sixty stripes without special application to the higher authorities. Such an order was, however, easily eluded by flogging the same man the oftener. All this was accompanied by the coarsest and roughest treatment from all the officials, from the governor downwards, and the effect of it perfectly corresponded with its excellence. Wonderful if a prisoner did not leave the place a much worse man than he had been on entering it!

As to the influence of religion in such a place, it was, if anything, a degrading one. The clergyman considered his chaplaincy merely in the light of a living, and went through his duties in the most reluctant manner. He never thought of obtaining alleviation of punishment. By being a functionary of the prison, he was in a manner forced to uphold the authorities in their iniquitous deeds, the evident injustice and cruelty of which naturally reflected its ugly light on him, from whom the wretched culprit expected protection and comfort. Not finding this, the latter soon learned to loathe and despise the "blackcoats," and, through them, their holy calling.

The governor, Captain Christ, who received Mr. Röckel so kindly, and continued to treat him so, was for a long time suspected of mental derangement, signs of which certainly showed themselves in the uncontrollable violence he often used towards his prisoners; to whom, at other times, he was so considerate, that they were, on the whole, not dissatisfied under him. He took a great interest in Mr. Röckel, and frequently visited him, and chatted with him in a friendly manner. But he had the misfortune, one day, to declare his intention of liberating all the political prisoners, because, he said, he had come to the conclusion that they were really very estimable people. One may easily imagine what consternation such an idea created among the other functionaries. They immediately despatched a messenger to Dresden, and that which had not been obtained by an exposition of his barbarous abuse of authority, was immediately effected. Captain Christ was instantly dismissed, and sought cure at a Silesian spa, where he was soon after found dead in a wood.

With his successor, Captain von Büнау, a new spirit entered the place. He severely reproved the keepers and other officials for their undue oppression and useless tyranny towards the prisoners; almost completely banished all flogging instruments, and the other severer chastisements; and introduced many little improvements in the treatment of those confided to his charge. Towards the political prisoners he simply conducted himself as a gentleman. Without in the least compromising his own position, he recognised honourable antagonists in them, whose opinion might not be his own, but he took them to be at least perfectly sincere.

He therefore treated them more like prisoners of war, and took care to let them have every alleviation in his power.

Nevertheless, liberty is dear to every man, and in the summer of 1851 the prisoners made an attempt at escape. A young soldier on guard in Mr. Röckel's corridor one day knocked at his door, and whispered that he had formed the resolution, with several of his comrades, to liberate him; when Mr. Röckel found that he alone was to be set free, he refused, and declared that he would only accept their assistance if they would include all the political prisoners confined in the solitary cells; for to include those who spent the night with the regular inhabitants of the place in the large sleeping halls, was not to be thought of. The young soldier consulted his comrades, and a few hours later informed him of their readiness to comply with his condition. The soldiers undertook to ascertain which of the political prisoners would be willing to enter into the proposal. Heubner, member of the provisional government, and Colonel Heintze, refused; the former would not leave the prison as long as any of his companions in misfortune remained behind. Colonel Heintze thought the project unfeasible, and some others even preferred the house of correction to the possible dangers of such an undertaking. About fourteen or sixteen were willing. Communication was effected with friends at liberty, who assisted the plan with the greatest eagerness. All that was wanted for the mere escape from Waldheim, was a short rope, a ladder, and three keys.

These had been obtained, and all was in readiness. The preparations had, however, occupied several months, and the flight was finally arranged for the first of October. At midnight, immediately after the guard had been relieved, the soldiers in the corridors were to open the cells of those prisoners who had agreed to join the flight. The guard in the courts was at the same time to open the garden gate, and join the fugitives. In the large garden there were only two sentinels, whose knowledge of the flight, in case they did not wish to take part in it, could not easily be brought home to them. At a certain part of the low garden wall, a ladder was to be placed from the outside; a rope ladder fastened to it and thrown over into the interior of the garden was to serve the fugitives as a means of climbing the wall. A carriage was to be in waiting at a short distance, and to take them to a farm of a political partisan, where their friends would be ready with clothes, money, and passports to further their flight. So far everything was arranged: only the locksmith at Leipsic, who had been entrusted with the manufacture of the key to the garden gate, had delayed his task, and this delay led to the discovery of the whole plan.

One morning the prisoners observed an unusual movement in the court-yard. The keepers ran hither and thither; the officers of the garrison, who were but seldom seen, stood in eagerly talking groups, and pointed repeatedly towards the prison windows. When the prison

guard was relieved at about ten o'clock, five of the soldiers were called out of the ranks, and were, after having given up their arms, led away prisoners. No doubt remained, after this, that the whole affair had been discovered.

The day passed very quietly. But late in the evening there was a considerable stir in Mr. Röckel's corridor, doors were opened and shut, and lively discussions heard. About ten o'clock a keeper opened Mr. Röckel's door, lighted his lamp, and ordered him to leave his bed. Soon afterwards the inspector, Mr. Heink, entered and sank exhausted on the solitary chair of the room. Inspector Heink acted in the absence of Captain Büнау, who was also governor of Hubertsburg, and had lately been seldom seen at Waldheim. He pretended a sincere sympathy with the cause for which Mr. Röckel suffered imprisonment, and under this cloak endeavoured to obtain a list of the participators in, and whole particulars of this project of escape, of which, however, he was already completely master. His blandishments were thrown away upon the man who perfectly appreciated him, and his conduct towards the latter soon underwent a total change. He appeared a few days later with a keeper, and ordered all books, papers, knives, scissors, and so forth, to be taken away. The walks in the garden, which had been permitted by Captain Büнау, had to be discontinued, and were for the next six years confined to the paved prison-yard. Soon Mr. Röckel was removed to one of the gloomy solitary cells in another wing of the building, where he spent two years in perfect solitude, without any kind of visitor, and any kind of book but the Bible; his only occupation being *spinning*.

Inspector Heink's zeal on the occasion of the prisoners' attempted flight, brought him promotion. Captain Büнау remained altogether at Hubertsburg, and Mr. Heink became governor of Waldheim. This opened a new era in the prison life. The beginning was made with the "reports." Until this time, the prisoners who had any kind of communication to make to the governor had themselves announced in the morning by one of the keepers, and were admitted in the course of the forenoon. Mr. Heink knew how to alter this in manifold ways. At first, he received the prisoners only twice a week, and then only once; the interval was then gradually protracted to a fortnight, a month, and at last even three months. The disadvantages of this inaccessibility of the governor soon made themselves keenly felt; perceiving which, he conceived a brilliant thought: he had a number of letter-boxes made, and orders were given to the prisoners, in urgent cases, to write to the governor, but only on Sundays. For this purpose the keepers were to bring them writing materials on Sunday mornings, and they themselves were to put their letters into the boxes, the keys of which were in the hands of the governor only. When we consider that the greater number of the prisoners consisted of the lowest refuse of the people, who never learned to read or write, this number was

completely excluded from every possibility of making their wishes known. Nevertheless, letters accumulated to a vast number, and when Mr. Röckel, after having himself tried this way of communicating with the prison authorities, asked, after a lapse of three months, what had become of his application, he received the answer that the letter-boxes had not yet been opened! Finally, the whole of the boxes were put out of the way without being opened at all.

Mr. Röckel had repeatedly endeavoured to obtain some alleviation of the silent system as applied to political prisoners, and in 1856 permission was received from the minister that they might, at their particular request, be allowed some conversation in the presence of one of the higher officials; but this order, which was communicated to the prisoners, had apparently been accompanied by an injunction never to let it take effect, for, in spite of Mr. Röckel's urgent requests for an interview with a certain friend of his, whom he wished to consult on a literary work of his own, this opportunity was persistently denied him. He was therefore greatly delighted when, one day on the way to church, a political fellow-prisoner secretly put a small packet in his hand, in which, upon opening it in his cell, he found a pencil, a pen, some paper, and some ink-powder, besides a few lines explaining a well-devised plan of correspondence between the friends, to whom every other exchange of thought was denied. For some months their clandestine communications remained undiscovered, but supposed safety made them incautious. One of the keepers one night crept along the passage in his stockings, and overheard the conversation of the occupants of two neighbouring cells, in which they mentioned the correspondence, and the names of some that took part in it. He reported what he had heard to the governor, and that same night all the cells and prisoners were thoroughly searched. The affair was turned into a serious misdemeanor against the state, and Mr. Röckel and others were condemned to four weeks' sick diet of the third class, accompanied by the "log."

A second punishment he received for incautiously speaking to a sentinel, who, seeing him stand still in his walk, ordered him to move on. Mr. Röckel's reply, "But I am not in your way!" had been overheard by one of the keepers, who reported him for speaking; whereupon Mr. Heink condemned him to a week's "dark arrest" and deprivation of supper for four weeks, as well as of the so-called "extra victuals" for several months.

In March, 1859, Minister von Behr paid a visit to the prison, and the prisoners were ordered to appear before him and "state their wishes." They of course knew what this meant, but Mr. Röckel sent his compliments and thanks, and informed the minister that he had no wishes. The others received permission to address a petition for pardon to the king, and were gradually one after the other liberated. Mr. Röckel remained behind as the only "Prisoner of the May days." But in 1861 the affairs and

urgent prayers of his family induced him to address a letter to the king, asking, not for pardon, but for liberation for the sake of his family. The tone of his application offended the king, who therefore refused, but, in consideration of a petition from Mr. Röckel's wife, granted him permission to emigrate to America.

This the prisoner positively refused to do, and only accepted his freedom when the governor of the prison, as well as the attorney and other superior officers, assured him that the condition was a mere form, and that no promise was expected from him which would force him to leave the country. He therefore occupied himself with the preparations for his departure, and in the evening had a last interview with the governor, who implored him not to expose his conduct. This he would not and did not promise. Next morning, before sunrise, he had left the walls within the precincts of which he had been a prisoner for close upon thirteen years. The book under our notice is the first step he takes to call public attention to the abuses of which he was one of the victims.

THE LAMENT OF KEPHALOS.

1.

HASTE, Father Helios, haste!
Finish my days disgraced,
Emptied, and meaningless.
Quench, with thine unloved light,
My longing, and let Night
Make a great darkness of my deep distress!
Sandal thy feet with fire
Fed from my fierce desire,
And in the reddened inmost of the West
(Like stems of broken flowers)
Burn up these blemish'd hours
Whose roots are eaten from them by the canker in
the breast.
Ah me, that I might rest
From this heart-eating grief
* That feeds what it devours;
Annul'd, abolisht quite, and dispossess'd
Of being, like a last year's fallen leaf,
Lost to sunbeams and showers
Among forgotten bowers!

2.

The morn to me is dewless,
And like a sick man's waking
Out of weary dreams.
I seek a form long viewless
Which evermore is making,
Among the woods and streams,
A sound that doth my inmost heart
Sunder, as with a rankling dart,
And evermore the sullen smart
Sorer and sorer seems.
My days are sick with sunlight
That hath no sweetness in it;
The pulsing pang of one light
That, every maddening minute,
Flashes and fades again,
Flashes and fades in vain,
About the dizzy brain,
Urges the wandering pain
Of love's most wild endeavour

With never-ending strain
Of anguish, to recapture
That light which is for ever
Lost with its living train
Of glories robed in rapture!
The twilight time encroaches
About the lonesome air,
Laden with long reproaches
And faint with old despair.
The starlight droppeth o'er me
All night, like chilly tears.
The night-wind talketh to me,
With noises in my ears.
The moonlight searcheth through me
Like memories of lost years.
The great midnight before me
Gapeth with vast fears.

3.

In the pure, the early time,
In the morning whiteness,
Ere the bee in the budded thyme
Felt the flowing brightness
On his golden-girded back,
When the crystal sky hung clear
Against the upland track
Of the startled mountain deer,
O the dews divine that wet us,
Frolic fancies to beget us
And courageous-hearted cheer,
Mid the dells of high Hymettus
In the summer-sweeten'd year!
Up the love lawns amber-lighted,
Down the placid meadow places,
Roaming, hand in hand united,
With the sunrise on our faces!
And the blue Eubœan bay
Murmur'd to us in his sleep,
And Cæpæus far away,
Winding softly to the deep,
Like a glad thought thro' the dream
Of a happy man, did seem
To glance ever,
Gleam, and quiver
With a radiant meaning under many a meadow-
creek,
While the blithe wind from the water
Heaved the hair of Herse's daughter
Into brightness round the rosy-bloomed beauty of
her cheek.

4.

Surely, in that sweet time
It never was the lark
That with dewy wing,
Out o' the dappled dark
Did delight to spring
Like a bounding dart
Up the blue air, and run
Around the rising sun,
And in the high light sing
His love-song sublime
Loudly echoing.
Nay, it was no bird,
'Twas the strong joy of my heart
That mounted in the morn
To make his music heard
Before the day was born.
And in that sweet time, surely
'Twas not the nightingale,
When silver moonlight purely

Search'd all the purple vale,
That, lock'd in leaves, securely
Made his wild note prevail
All the warm night long.
No! no! no nightingale
Sung ever joy so strong!
'Twas the bliss within my breast
That all night would not rest
From its own throbbing springs of self-inspired
song.
It was thy presence Procris: the inexpressible
sweetness
Of the consciousness of thee,
In that sweet time,
That did at morn and even
Trance both earth and heaven
With music never given
To any mortal rhyme;
Flooding to completeness
All sweet things that be
Within the spirit's witness:
Earth and sky and sea
Filling with rich fitness
To the restless joy on me,
And pouring perfect gladness in perpetual melody.

5.

But O the sudden, strange,
And unendurable change!
O days on days that range
From sorrow down to sorrow with an ever-growing
grief,
The bleak burthen of the Past!
O fixedness of fate
In yet ever fleeting state!
O falsehood known too late!
And O remorse that bringest tears which cannot
bring relief
To the wretchedness thou hast!
In the violet-eyed green
Let not any dews be seen
Among the vales Ætolian,
Save of my deep weeping!
Nor any other sound
Than of my grief around
The high night's æolian
Along the lone Leucadian headlands sweeping,
And moaning evermore
About the western shore
To that bright land beyond the west, where Procris
sweet is sleeping!
Haste, Father Helios, haste!
Finish these days disgraced,
Emptied, and meaningless.
Quench, with yon quivering light,
This too-long questioning sight
That nothing answers save endured distress!
Delay no longer, Father, from thy rest,
Thou goëst grandly, with a greening zest,
And gravely, down where heaven is silentest
Across the waters! Take me with thee, me
Thy son. For somewhere in the wondrous west,
Mid realms of gold remember'd half, half
guest,
To me 'twas prophesied that I should be
Free'd from a form my spirit spurns. The
crest
Of yon tall peak now flares purpureal,
And even now methinks that I hear fall
From far, a music, faint, funeral.
To me, to me, my long lost kindred call.
Where slowly ope the solemn porches all,

Slowly the golden gates majestic!
 O august faces in my Father's hall!
 O, Procris, perfect wife! O lean—at last
 —One plunge—I clasp thee,—earth being over-
 past!

AT THE GREAT REFORMATORY EXHIBITION.

THE huge Agricultural Hall, erected a year or two ago in the northern district of London, to relieve Baker-street from the overgrown proportions of the Cattle Show, has done much to dispel an idea long prevalent in the fashionable regions of the west, that Islington was a far country which only the most adventurous would care to explore, and to which no one ever set out without making his will and settling his family affairs. Indeed, I myself, who make no pretension to be considered a denizen of the genteel west, and who have long been familiar with the stages of the City-road, until very lately shared in this fashionable idea. I conceived it on my first visit to Sadler's Wells Theatre. Being a new arrival in London, I was bent upon seeing all the sights, and at the same time making myself acquainted with the topographical bearings of the great wilderness which was henceforth to be my home. For this reason, and another of an economical nature, which I need not further particularise than to mention that it was a half-price-to-the-pit-expedition—Mr. Phelps in Henry the Fourth for intellectual, and a bun and a bottle of ginger-beer for physical refreshment—for these two good and sufficient reasons, I *walked*. I started immediately after tea, which, being partaken of in Somers-town, I need not say indicates the fashionable hour of five P.M. I was young then, and conceited, as it is in the nature of most young persons to be, and I disdained to ask my way. If I were to say that I was a Scotch young man, you would not perhaps think it surprising that I had sedulously devoted myself to the study of the map of London. I *had* devoted myself to that branch of knowledge, and flattered myself that London, topographically considered, lay at my feet, a conquered place. I fondly believed that, with Mogg for my pioneer, I had conquered even before I came and saw.

A little practical application of my knowledge, however, convinced me that I was mistaken. Too confident of my acquaintance with short cuts, I lost myself in Bagnigge-wells, only to find myself, after an hour's walking, in Upper Holloway. King's-cross was a sort of loadstone rock in my trackless path. Sail which way I would, east, west, north, or south, I was always drawn back to King's-cross.

Richard was not more bothered by his Richmonds than I was by that lamp-post in the middle of four converging ways. When at last I reached the Moated Grange of Thalia and Melpomene, it was nigh upon half-price hour, and I was weary and footsore. Again, on returning, I lost myself in Smithfield, floundered

into the heart of the City, floundered back again, and did not reach Somers-town until the small hours of the morning. From that time forward, I regarded a journey to Islington as a very serious affair, not to be undertaken lightly, nor without due preparation.

When the Cattle Show was removed to Islington, I bade farewell to it. W. and W.C. generally, I think, bade farewell to it. Never more would fashionable eyes rest upon the prize ox, the honourably mentioned sheep, and the meritorious pig. They were gone from our gaze, far out of reach, into distant Islington. This impression of a remote country still weighed upon my mind when the call of duty recently required me to visit the Reformatory Exhibition. It was held in the Agricultural Hall, which was situated, as I understood, some distance beyond the Angel. I was in the Strand when duty called upon me, rather peremptorily, to go at once, as the Exhibition would be opened at four o'clock by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Now, I am never indifferent to the call of duty; but it occurred to me to pause for a little, and inquire, if I were prepared for this arduous expedition. Had I money enough to defray the expenses? One pound four and sixpence. Would that be sufficient? My boots were rather thin; I had left my great-coat at home; I had no card about me for the purpose of identification in case of accident; I had not had my dinner. I was determined to fortify my inner man at least, and I dined as substantially as I could, without encroaching too far upon my limited stock of cash. I further took in coals for the journey in the shape of bottled beer and full-bodied wines, and then, having filled my cigar-case, I hailed a Hansom and started. The horse looked a good one to go; I had a full hour before me—possibly I should get there in time.

I was calculating how much the man would charge me, and whether three and sixpence would be received with thanks or with oburgations, when a sudden jerk of the cab caused me to look up. I was actually in Clerkenwell! I had scarcely taken three puffs at my cigar before there flashed upon my vision the word "Boxes," inscribed upon the door of a white building on the left. Sadler's Wells! I am still wondering if it can be the same moated grange of the drama to which I once journeyed so painfully, when another flash reveals to me the word "Angel." Away through a crowd of 'busses, sharply to the left, and immediately I find myself in a road lined with expectant spectators. A tightening of the right rein, a crunching clattering pull up close to the kerbstone, and here I am at the grand entrance of the Agricultural Hall, far away in Islington! It is little more than half a cigar since I left the Strand. What conjuration and mighty magic have done this? Shall I try the driver with a shilling? I do, with some misgiving; but he accepts it cheerfully, and thanks me as if he meant it, by which I know that it is less than two miles to the

Strand. So does human progress, promoted by Exhibition Halls, dissipate prejudice and dispel the mists of delusion. When the Prince proclaimed the Reformatory Exhibition open, he at the same time intimated to many there present in the reserved seats, that Islington was within the reach of even the most fashionable and westerly residents of the metropolis.

Instead of being behind time, I was before time, and considering it bad manners to go round and inspect the treasures before the Prince, I awaited his Royal Highness's arrival at the northern entrance. I was sorry to observe a very very sparse attendance of the public in general. The public in particular was pretty numerous represented in the reserved seats; but the great body of the hall was almost deserted. It could not be said that there was a want of attraction. The exhibition was the first of its kind, and the Prince of Wales was coming to open it. But "five shillings," I suspect, was a little too much to the body of the hall. Had it been one shilling, the thousands who were contenting themselves with a sight of the outside of the show would have walked up and paid their money; and it would not have happened that the Prince entered the hall without encountering a sufficient number of his mother's loyal subjects to raise anything like a cheer in his honour. None seemed more disgusted with this state of things than the police, who were of the A division, and accustomed to the more fervid loyalty of the west. There were just forty of us at the royal entrance, including shoe-black boys, stall attendants, the Lord Mayor, a sheriff, the civic old gentleman in the fur hat and his inseparable companion the other civic old gentleman with the sword; and we stood quietly in two rows, and were so well behaved and orderly, that I am sure the four policemen in charge hated us from the bottom of their hearts. I saw it written in their faces: "Why don't you shove about and give us an opportunity of exercising our authority? Pretty thing for officers of the A division to have to come up all the way from Whitehall to take charge of a set of milksops like you, who haven't the courage even to step upon that old rag of a carpet that they have laid down for the Prince to walk upon." I am sure that particular officer who had charge of me and the shoe-black boy (who, by the way, had decorated his box with counterfeit coins for the occasion) would have given anything if I had stepped upon the carpet. He stepped upon it himself, as if to tempt me on—trailed it like the tail of his coat (he was Irish) to challenge me to a collision with the authorities. When I obstinately declined the challenge, and persisted in being provokingly peaceable and orderly to the last, the officer went off duty in disgust, evidently satisfied that I hadn't the spirit to molest a fly, much less his Royal Highness.

I never witnessed so tame a royal procession. The two civic old gentlemen advanced, the one doddering under his muff, the other staggering

under his sword; there was a glitter of posterous gold cable, signifying Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, and then without a sound, and before we knew what it all meant, there strolled past us a very gentlemanly-looking young man, in company with a very venerable old man, chatting together pleasantly, and apparently asking after each other's health, and the healths of those who belonged to them at Marlborough House and Lambeth Palace. Now this quiet proceeding was very disappointing to me and my friend of the shoe-black brigade, but no doubt to the Prince it was highly agreeable; and possibly he would go home and report that he had spent a most delightful day without being run after, and shouted at, and otherwise treated as if he were a wild animal let loose to be baited.

My policeman returned at this point, evidently expecting to catch me out in following the royal procession through the sacred avenue towards the dais; but I disappointed him again by turning on my heel and ascending to the gallery, where a juvenile brand rescued from the burning immediately invited me to have my card printed in large German text, suitable for the ironmongery line. Feeling the active operations of the printing press to be unseemly—though otherwise honourable—while the archbishop was reading prayers, I declined, but with regret, and sauntered along to a point where I could obtain a good view of the opening ceremony.

Opening ceremonies are all very much alike, and even when they have the advantage of novelty, they are not interesting. All I will say of this one is, that the Prince read his reply to the address with much aplomb, with good emphasis, and in a singularly clear and distinct voice. It did, however, appear a little absurd that the Earl of Shaftesbury should read an address to him, and then hand him the reply he was to make to it.

It is time, I think, to enter some protest against certain forms and ceremonies which are observed in dealing with royal personages—falsome nonsense which only tends to make them look ridiculous. Why could not this young Prince, who spoke better than any one there, and generally conducted himself naturally and with good sense, be entrusted with the custody of his own speech? Taking that speech from the hands of the nobleman who addressed him, was the only unnatural thing he did. It was making a schoolboy of him—teaching him to say his A B C, as if he were one of those reformatory lads who could not be trusted with the custody of the spelling-book out of which they learned their lessons. I would also suggest to the chroniclers of courtly doings, that it does not tend to exalt the importance of royal personages to say of them that they are "graciously pleased to approve" this, that, and the other. I read once that the Prince of Wales was graciously pleased to express his approval of Niagara. I wonder the reporter did not go on to say that the compliment was ap-

preciated in the proper quarter. These remarks were forcibly suggested to me on the present occasion, when I had a good opportunity of being assured that the Prince of Wales is a sensible, hearty, unaffected young man, whose genial nature and good taste do not require him to condescend to anything that becomes a rational being and an English gentleman.

The Exhibition was an International one; indeed, it might be said that it contained specimens of the reformatory art and industry of all nations. There were, in addition to those of London and the English provinces, contributions from France, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, Portugal, Hanover, Italy, Dresden, Saxony, Malta, Egypt, and America. Few, perhaps, had any idea that the reformatory movement had penetrated to some of the countries here mentioned. Egypt, for example. Who would have thought that Cairo had a ragged school, where Moslem girls are taught to do embroidery and read the Bible! A curious difficulty besets the efforts of the patrons of this Egyptian school. The girls are most irregular in their attendance, being often taken away when mere children to be married.

The trophy which stood at the main entrance of this Exhibition may be said to have been the key to the general nature of its contents. In the great International unreformed Exhibition of 1862, the trophy which challenged attention on entrance was a pyramid, representing the bulk of all the gold dug up in Australia. Here, it was a pyramid composed of halfpenny bundles of firewood, chopped and tied up by the boys in a reformatory. The art and industry generally were of this humble order, manifesting themselves most commonly in brushes, mats, clothes-pegs, baskets, woollen socks, and blacking; soaring upwards, here and there, to mahogany cabinet work, patent leather boots, and gentlemen's dress suits. The British reformatories had sent not only specimens of their manufactures, but also specimens of the manufacturers. Along the outer sides of the great hall, boys from various reformatories were conducting the ordinary occupations of their workshops; making mats, chopping firewood, printing bills, &c. You would scarcely think that there was much art in chopping firewood, or that the operation was in any degree an interesting one. Yet I found myself more fascinated, so to speak, by the wood-chopping, than by any other process I witnessed. It is one of the things in the list with driving a gig and writing a leading article, that we all think we can do. But after witnessing the magical chopper performance of these boys, I am ready to confess that I could not earn my salt at wood-chopping. It is almost as wonderful as Colonel (I wish he wasn't a colonel, but I don't quite know why) Stodare's basket trick. The colonel stabs a basket through and through with a sword, without hurting the well-grown young lady inside it; and these boys bring down a chopper with steam power rapidly upon three or four slices of wood without chopping their fingers. Every time, the chopper misses

the forefinger and thumb by a hair's breadth, and the little sticks fall on either side like rain. The domestic maxim, that you should not trust children with edged tools, is laughed to scorn. Yes, there is art even in chopping.

Here are four-and-twenty little tailors all of a row, sitting cross-legged on a bench, stitching away at coats, and waistcoats, and trousers—such very little mites of tailors that it would require a thorough acquaintance with decimal fractions to say how many of them would be required to make a man. Below them are ranged a row of little shoemakers, with little lapstones on their little knees, and little awls in their little hands, making full-grown boots—Lilliput cobbling for Brobdingnag, Hop-o'-my-Thumb making seven-leagued boots for Gori-buster. And then we come upon lads of ten or twelve years making bristles to grow out of bald pieces of wood, and giving them complete heads of hair with a rapidity that might well excite the envy of the proprietor of the "patent regenerator." Boys conjuring with loose pieces of oakum, and magically producing mats interwoven with permanent injunctions to "Wipe your Feet," and "Beware of the Dog," the latter in what might be called dog Latin; girls clear-starching and ironing elaborately-stitched shirt-fronts, the M.A. examination of laundry; others making lace, twirling about countless bobbins, all as like each other as peas, with as much familiarity as if they were marked and numbered; blind young women working the sewing-machine, and, with their quickened sense of touch, guiding the strips of leather or cloth with the greatest accuracy and precision; boys and girls folding and pasting paper bags, others printing labels or bill-heads—on every side busy hands finding some useful work to do, and doing it earnestly and well.

Little pamphlets that are handed to me as I pass along furnish some interesting particulars of the results of reformatory work. Here is a small slip of paper which informs me that when all the homes in connexion with the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution are full, three thousand meals a week have to be provided for the support of the inmates. During the past seven years the Islington Reformatory has admitted 186 boys, 46 of whom are still under its care, and 115 are known to be doing well. The London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution, in the Euston-road, has, since 1857, admitted 1765 women and girls. Of these, 863 were provided with situations, 346 were restored to their friends, 70 were married, 12 emigrated, 5 died, 46 were dismissed, and 381 left the homes, before the expiration of their term, to seek employment. As showing the destitute, friendless, and cast-away condition of these unfortunate creatures, it is stated that only 636 of them had fathers living; only 688 had mothers; 470 had neither parents living, and 89 never knew or heard of their parents. Some of the causes assigned as leading to the fall of the inmates are stated as follows: "Breach of promise of marriage,

62; bad company and inebriety, 53; destitution, 39; gaiety, love of dress and liberty, 24; depravity of employers, 19; various causes, 29." The Industrial School in Mansell-street, White-chapel, established for the purpose of affording employment to homeless and destitute poor boys, has provided for no less than three thousand street Arabs. One home for the training and maintenance of destitute boys not convicted of crimes, has a farm at East Barnet, where the boys are profitably employed in the operations of husbandry. I saw specimens of their butter, pork, and home-made bread. Altogether there were represented in this Exhibition about one hundred and seventy (British and Foreign) of these benevolent institutions, entirely supported by voluntary contributions of the public.

Moving about among the stalls—mostly attended by Phillis of the neat hand, and her sisters—I pass in review a great variety of articles of use and ornament contributed by charitable and humane institutions, whose objects are almost as various as the products they exhibit. It is an epitome of the all-embracing charity of the Christian world. There is no calamity either of the mind or body, no misfortune or disadvantage to which humanity is subject, which has not found a Good Samaritan to extend the helping hand, to bind up the wounds, to cheer with words of comfort and hope. It is most affecting to witness these results, and no less so to think how many large-hearted, good, kind, devoted people there are in the world, for ever going about imitating the example of Him who forgave the fallen, who was patient with little children, who made the blind to see, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk—who was the Exemplar to mankind of all that is merciful and good. And there are people who say that this is a wicked world!

A FAT LITTLE BOOK.

AMONG the friends I have picked up in the world is a fat little book five inches high, and two inches broad, which carries about in its body the social soul of an old German professor and doctor in both faculties, whose name, unknown to biographical dictionaries, was, I suppose, Otto Schwartzmann, or, as we should say, Blackman, for he translated himself into Greek literary style as Otho Melander. Perhaps my fat little friend cannot be said to carry about Melander's soul, for I found him neglected and in rags, one of the last of his race, reduced to a shopboard in a dirty lane, gave him a new coat and a home in a little colony of well-to-do books where he soon took up a respectable position, from which he has no present thought of setting out upon a fresh course of knocking up and down the world, as he had done for the last two hundred and sixty years. For the fat little book was born at Frankfort in the year of the death of Queen Elizabeth, and the Melander whose soul then went into it was dead. But he had not long been dead. Four years before

that date he had been seeing a strong little Scotchman, who exhibited at Marburg feats of astonishing agility after three blacksmiths had made horse-shoes on an anvil laid upon his stomach. The fat little book's printer had been an old chum of the doctor's at the university of Marburg in Hesse Cassel, a university that had numbered among its students Patrick Hamilton, the first of the Scotch Reformers, and our Bible translator, William Tyndale. Moreover, the collection printed by a genial friend is heartily dedicated to another chum of the same printer, a learned citizen of Antwerp, with whom he had talked often of the pleasant stories yielded by their common studies. So there is a comfortable little glow of friendship among learned gossips, warming us as we cross the threshold of Melander's book. As for the work itself, what we find in it is the life of a dead and forgotten German professor, who some two hundred and seventy years ago fastened with special relish upon touches of life and humour that flashed on him from the books he read, often books that are now read no more, or upon touches of the life about him, or the current stories of his day that gave home truth to dramas then being acted, or that had been lately acted in the playhouse of the world.

I choose to think that the Herr Doctor, with no sourness in him, was short, and fat, and cheery as his book, a ripe scholar, grown on the sunny side of the wall of knowledge. He put some of the warmth at his heart, no doubt, into his teaching of the students. He relieved certainly the dulness of discourse among his brother doctors over the thin wine and the dear tobacco—tobacco had only found its way to Europe in Melander's lifetime—he relieved their solid talk with frequent chirp of pleasant stories derived from his intercourse with books and men. Pleasant walks and talk by the banks of the Lahn, the well-read professor's well-timed anecdote in common hall, studies enjoyed and a life enjoyed are the essences that make the perfume of Melander's commonplace book of the jest and earnest he had read or heard. Bond-street can bottle nothing so delicious and so lasting as the perfume of those books into which have been poured any of the better essences of life. Their living fragrance is as of the flowers, and a well-stocked library is sweeter than the richest garden to those who have paid for the key of the gate, and are free to gather for themselves among its blossoms. That garden has its roses, and queen lilies, and its stately trees, its sunny walks with fruit on either hand, its fountains, and cool glades. The little Melander, though a scarce plant in it, is but of the family of its weeds, but a weed whereof, if we rub a little at its leaves, we shall soon find the fragrance.

It exhales in stories of all sorts. From one book that he had been reading, Simler's account of the death of Bullinger (and nearly all his authorities are as remote as that from modern use), our merry little friend picked up

an odd story of laughter. When Erasmus first read the Letters of Obscure Men, satirising ignorance and misdeeds of the clergy, he laughed so much as to produce an abscess in the cheek. And the doctors caused it to be opened, lest he should burst it by continued laughter. A truer story of Erasmus is also quoted; the Marburg professor being, of course, a good Protestant. George, Duke of Saxony, once inquired of Erasmus concerning the religious questions of the day, and receiving cautious answers, by which the scholar would not commit himself, said to him, "My Erasmus, wash me this dress, but take care that you do not wet it." Another of Melander's notes is of a Bishop at Zurich, who consecrated a cemetery, and being asked by some poor countryfolks where, since the whole of the cemetery had been consecrated, the unbaptised infants were to lie, charged an additional fee for unconsecrating or profaning part of it. Melander repeats also a story that had been told by Luther, of a shoemaker, whose wife vexed him by paying a round sum of money for one of Pope Leo's plenary indulgences, whereby she was to be cleansed of all sins, exempt from purgatory, and get, in short, a free passage to paradise. When his wife died, the shoemaker paid nothing for church services and masses for her soul. Being questioned as a contemner of religion, and as one who had dealt impiously by his late wife, he averred that, as to her body, he had buried it, and as to her soul, there were no masses for it wanted, because he knew that it had gone immediately to heaven. Being asked how he could know that, he produced the Pope's warrant to that effect. As it was not thought decent to decree that the Pope had cheated the shoemaker's wife, the shoemaker was allowed to keep the money claimed of him for masses. Melander tells another story of a priest preaching in praise of masses to the people of a German town. "These masses," he said, "may be of no advantage to the dead, but they are great profit to us," meaning us their survivors, but the people took him to mean us the priests, and overwhelmed him with their laughter. But the cunning usually was with the pardoners and relic-mongers. One went to Tübingen with old bones, and said that whoever kissed those relics should for a twelvemonth be untouched by plague. Prince Eberhard, resentful of his impudence, accused the man of lying. Men kissed and yet died of the plague. "That may be," said the cheat, "because nobody does kiss the relics. They only kiss the glass that covers them."

Of course there are many tales of whimsical overreaching. Two men, both cowards, met in a narrow way, neither disposed to turn out of the road. "Give me the road," said one, in braggart voice, "Or, if you don't, I'll do for you what I did for the man who refused it to me yesterday." The other scrambled aside in terror, and when he of the braggart voice had gone by, asked him, timidly, "What did you do, sir, to the man who refused you the road yesterday, and would not get out of your way?"

"Why," said the other, "I let him keep the road, and got out of *his* way."

A Spaniard and a German held debate over the relative smartness of the different nations of the world. "I," said the Spaniard, "can take an egg from under a sitting bird without disturbing her." "Do that," said the German, "and I will let you see what I can do." So they went into the wood and searched till they had found a tree with a bird's-nest near the top of it. The Spaniard took off his sword, and belt, and spurs, his rustling silk mantle, and his cap and plumes, laid them at the foot of the tree, and began noiselessly to mount. While he was intent on getting at the nest, the German walked off with the Spaniard's arms and cap, and cloak and feathers. It was decreed, therefore, that the German was the smarter fellow.

A certain abbot was asked why, in the hearing of causes, he always continued to make difficulties, though he was so often wrong. "Why," he said, "I am like the boys who cannot pass a walnut-tree without throwing stones into it, in hope that nuts may fall."

An ignorant pardoner was boasting that he had been through fifty cities, staying a year and a half in each. When somebody asked how old he was, he answered "not yet forty," so that he had been wandering through cities for five-and-thirty years before he was born.

Another boaster said, he had been in a country where bees were as large as sheep. "Then," somebody asked, "how big are the beehives?" "Not bigger than ours." "But how do the bees as big as sheep get into them?" "That's their affair."

Fleas as well as abbots and pardoners were more troublesome three hundred years ago than they are now. Melander quotes a charm against fleas:

Manstula, Correbo, Budigosma, Tarantula, Calpe, Thymula, Dinari, Golba, Cadura, Prepon.

Say this nine times before getting into bed, and after each time of saying drink three tankards of wine.

But our Melander has his serious and half-serious moods in the way of story-telling. Here is an odd tale of murder and calf's head. A man diligent, courteous, and gentle, loved the daughter of the house in which he served, but might not marry her because he was a foreigner, poor, and a servant. One day he met on a lonely road a merchant with his wealth about him, killed him, and took possession of his wealth. He kept it secretly, and presently, producing a small part of it, said to his master that a relative abroad, whose heir he would be, was dying, and had sent that as travelling money, with request that he would go to him. He went away, returned, and produced as his inheritance the money of the murdered merchant. His master then received him as a son-in-law, and in due time he inherited with his wife the property of her father. Because he was still diligent, courteous, and gentle, he became a

magistrate, and was respected greatly by his fellow-citizens. One day there was a case of homicide to be tried, and he told his wife that he should like something specially nice for dinner, because there was a case of homicide to be tried, and he should be tired and need comfort. He went to church, and coming home again, before going to take his seat among the judges, looked into the pantry to see what had been got for dinner. Now his wife had been getting a calf's head, because that was a favourite dish of his. But the head seemed to him to be the bloodless head of a dead man. He turned away with horror. His wife showed him his error, but he went into court strongly moved, and when, in opening the proceedings, the law against homicide and the doom of murder had been read out, he rose and said, "By that doom I must die." Then he told from his seat as a magistrate the story of the murder he had himself long since committed. All declared that his self-accusation was a freak of insanity, for what man in the town was kinder and more honoured than he, what man less likely to be a murderer? He replied urgently that it was not insanity but conscience, that his future life was lost if he did not make in this world full atonement for his crime. He told on what spot he had not only slain the merchant, but had also buried him, and he asked that the scaffold for his own execution might be built over his victim's grave. The place was searched, the body found, and over the place of its burial they struck off the head of the man whom a white calf's head, seen in the gloom of his pantry, had thus sent to confession.

Men will be gentle, generous, in love and honour with the world, while they have great crimes on their souls; and they will quarrel also about nothing. Two disputants, one drunk, one sober, were brought before Martin Luther. "Are you a Lutheran?" asked the drunken man of the other. "I am a Martinist," he answered. Upon which both drew their swords, and they could hardly be restrained from killing one another because, zealous both for Martin Luther, one called himself Martinist, the other Lutheran. So men will often quarrel about mere words, said Melander.

But there are names and names, and stones and stones. The same names and the same stones do not meet always the same fate. Happy the stones, said Protarchus, of which images are made. They are set up on the altars, and we kneel to them. While other stone of the same rock is trodden under foot and spat upon.

Melander tells ghost stories from Pliny, of the miserable old man in heavy chains who beckoned to the place where his body had been left dead, chained and unburied; and of the hair-cutting ghosts whose hair-cutting was only a vague sign of danger. Also of the image of a friend recently dead that got into a man's bed and crept close to him, and had feet colder than ice. And this reminds one of another unpleasant story, which our friend quotes from Erasmus, of a toad

that came and sat on a monk's mouth after he had gone to bed. It fixed its claws in the monk's upper and lower lips. To pull it away was poison, and to let it sit was suffocation. The monk's friends decided to carry him as he lay to the window, where there was a great spider, and place his head under the spider's web. The spider attacked the toad, and his first attack made the toad swell, but did not make it loose its hold; the second attack made it swell yet more, but did not kill it. After the third attack the toad unfixed its claws and died. So the spider paid the clergy for its lodging.

PULL DEVIL, PULL BAKER.

THIS old saying would appear to imply that there is a perpetual contest between Devil and Baker. The poor Baker gets the worst of the struggle, to the best of our making out, even down to this hour.

The bakers, poor fellows! do indeed lead an unnatural life. Donald Mackenzie (for the bakehouses are strong in Scotchmen) is at work when we are asleep, and when he *ought* to be asleep. Like many other men employed in monotonous labour, his pay is rather small; but the worst of it is that his working hours are filtered through the whole of the twenty-four in each day, in such a way as to forbid a good, sound, honest sleep of several hours' duration. His sleep is brief, broken, hot, stuffy, unwholesome. He is trying whether parliament can help him; but it is only some of the minor parts of the evil that can be reached in this way. Raw young men cross the Tweed southward, and keep the market always supplied with persons willing to enter a bakehouse at low wages. The journeymen bakers are many thousand strong (or weak?) in the metropolis alone; and they certainly ought to get into a decent mode of life.

It is not at all probable that London bread was baked during the night in old times. Families baked bread at home much more than they do now, and the establishment of bakers' shops was consequently exceptional. When people had faith in the paternal relation between the governors and the governed, and in the fitness and power of the governors to determine prices, the bakers were under regular supervision as to their charges. The price of bread was determined by that of wheat, and the weight of the loaf was made to vary as the price of wheat varied; this rule, called the assize of bread, remained in force during many centuries. In the time of Henry the Seventh, when a penny was a mighty coin in value, the size or weight of a penny loaf was authoritatively determined at Michaelmas, according to the price of wheat, in a way that settled exactly what amount of profit the bakers should obtain; and that weight remained in force for twelve months. From the time of Queen Anne until that of George the Fourth, the municipal authorities of any town had the power of determining the price of bread, not according

to that of wheat but to that of flour; they might settle what should be the weight of the loaves, and the price charged for each, according as it was white, wheaten, or household bread. The usual allowance to the baker varied from a shilling to eighteen-pence on the price of a bushel of flour; and the magistrates had at all times the power to enter his shop and bakehouse, to see whether the baker was a good man and true in his mixings and bakings. It was assumed by law that twenty peck loaves of seventeen pounds six ounces each, or eighty quartern loaves of one-fourth that weight each, can be made from a sack or two hundred and eighty pounds of flour (that is, about five pounds of bread from four pounds of flour); but a skilful baker was able to produce eighty-five quartern loaves to the sack, and this surplus augmented his profits, giving him one loaf to himself out of every sixteen. Out of these circumstances arose cheap bread, small masters, and dirty bakehouses. A sliding scale having been established by the authorities, which fixed the price of a quartern loaf at eightpence when flour was forty shillings per sack, seventeen-pence when flour was a hundred shillings per sack, and proportionately between these two extremes, any one who went below these assize prices was ranked as a cheap baker. As is usual in matters of commercial protection, neither buyers nor sellers were quite satisfied; the assize laws were abolished, and now any baker may sell his bread for what prices he pleases.

At the present time, about one-fourth of the bakers in the metropolis are known as high-priced bakers, living in or serving the well-to-do neighbourhoods; the other three-fourths, the cheap bakers, serve chiefly the middle and humble classes. But any man, so far as the law is concerned, may sell dear or cheap, and may make his bread good or bad—provided he looks to his weights and scales, and does not venture too far into the slough of adulteration.

There is no clear evidence that bread was made at night until the present century. Sometimes to get more batches in a given time, sometimes to make a batch larger than usual, the introducers of the cheap-bread system coaxed, or bribed, or encouraged their helpers to work long hours. These cheap masters themselves would in many cases labour away half through the night, and would insist upon their journeymen and apprentices doing the same. And so the system spread from one cheap baker to another, and from the cheap baker to the full-priced baker, until it became a regular thing for bread-makers to work very long days indeed.

What, then, is a baker's life? In what is called the London season, and at the high-priced shops, the men begin work at about eleven o'clock at night, when other folks are thinking about going to bed. They are engaged in bread-making, with a few short intervals (during which they try to catch forty winks), until seven or eight o'clock in the morning: baking the plain loaves, the fancy bread, the rolls, &c., in certain routine. They are then

engaged several hours in carrying out bread, with an occasional dose of biscuit-baking in the afternoon. If they get six hours' freedom from the shop in the evening for their main supply of sleep, it is about as much as they can reckon upon. Their work during the day, although in the open air, is by no means light, for they have to carry heavy baskets and to wheel heavy trucks or barrows. Friday is a harder day than the rest, because they have to provide nearly for two days' consumption; they enter the bakehouse an hour or so earlier than on other evenings, and make a longer night's work of it. Saturday night is the only one on which the poor baker feels himself at liberty to tuck himself comfortably into bed for a good long sleep, like a Christian; he has no batch to attend to on that night. His Sunday is not much of a Sunday to him, seeing that he must attend two or three times during the day to prepare the "ferment" and "sponge" for the night's baking—else, as things are now managed, we should have no hot rolls on Monday morning, and no bread at all by Monday evening or so. Bad as this is, the workmen employed by the cheap bakers lead a still harder life. As most of the bread is sold over the counter, there is very little out-door work to do; the poor drudge hasn't even the pleasure of taking out the basket, which would give him an opportunity to have a little chat with Mary the nursemaid round at Number Four. From Thursday evening till Saturday evening these men almost live in the bakehouse, so great is the work done to supply an ample stock of bread by the time when working men and their families begin to spend the Saturday night's wages. Then, again, working people have baked dinners on Sunday to an extent quite beyond the experience of families in a better station in life; these dinners are baked mostly by the cheap bakers, and add to the Sunday labours of the journeymen and apprentices. In autumn, when genteel folks go out of town, the West-end bakers are more at leisure, and the delivery of bread is ended by two or three o'clock in the afternoon; this gives the men an evening of eight or nine hours' duration for amusement and bed. But poor families have no out-of-town season; the cheap bakers who supply them make about as much bread at one time of the year as another, and the fags in the bakehouse know of no change—except additional heat in summer. The details differ at different times and in different localities; but it is admitted that, in a general way, this is not an over-coloured picture of a baker's life. As matters were until a recent change was made (of which we shall speak presently), two other evils were added to these of nightwork and long hours. Young lads, coming from the country, from Scotland, or from Germany, to seek their fortune in the great world of London, were willing to enter the service of bakers; because, as the trade is easy to learn, they became useful at once, and received money wages instead of having to pay an apprenticeship premium. Hence the proportion of boys and youths in

bakehouses was large. And these youngsters worked, in most cases, just as many hours as the men, stagnating their young blood at hours when they ought to have enjoyed open-air recreation. Worse than this, the bakehouses were in very many instances disgracefully dirty and unwholesome places, in which drains and vermin had matters pretty much their own way, and in which the weary men and boys threw themselves down to sleep on the very kneading-boards which had contained, and would again contain, the dough for making into bread. Happily for our tranquillity of mind, we did not know all the circumstances, sudorific and atmospheric, that accompanied the fabrication of the loaves which were to grace our tables.

This state of things has been complained of by the men for a very long period. They petitioned parliament sixteen or eighteen years ago. They formed unions and associations for mutual protection and benefit. They obtained the aid of Dr. Guy, who prepared a valuable medical report on the manifold evils resulting from the way in which bakehouses were managed. They ascertained that the master bakers of Edinburgh manage so to conduct their operations as to render nightwork scarcely necessary; and they were the means of inducing those masters to make a friendly communication on the subject to the London masters. They pointed out how much advantage had followed the adoption of improved processes in the Carlisle bakeries, in the Nevill bakeries, and in those employing the dough-mixing machines of Mr. Stevens and Dr. Daughlish. They showed that the joint-stock co-operative bakeries of the north have nothing to do with long hours, nightwork, or dirty bakehouses. And they adduced only too much reason for believing that, under the London system of bread-making, the moral and social improvement of working bakers is almost an impossibility. Moved by this accumulated testimony, the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, when Home Secretary, about four years ago, requested Mr. Seymour Tremenheere, an experienced factory inspector, to investigate the whole affair, and to report upon it. Mr. Tremenheere did so; and in his report of three hundred pages, he showed that nearly all the statements were fully borne out by facts. He concluded that legislation was desirable. He felt that statute law cannot interfere with long hours or nightwork for adults, but that we could properly insist on a limitation in the hours of labour for young persons, and on a sanitary police to be observed in bakehouses. And so an act was passed to carry out these recommendations.

This statute, then, which declares under what regulations bakehouses shall be placed, came into force in eighteen hundred and sixty-three. In any town containing a population of five thousand persons or more, all bakehouses, with the passages and staircases leading to them, are to be washed, limewashed, or painted periodically. All, whether in large or in small towns, are to be kept clean, ventilated, and free from effluvia. No place on the same level as the bakehouse is to be used as

a sleeping-room unless separated from it by a partition, and provided with a glazed window susceptible of being open and closed. No person under the age of eighteen, whether receiving wages or not, is to be employed in any bakehouse between the hours of nine in the evening and five in the morning. The local authority in any town, municipal or of whatever other kind, is to appoint inspectors, who are empowered to enforce the provisions of the act; and the enforcement is mostly by means of fine, varying in amount from one pound to twenty pounds. This is all: clean bakehouses, and a prohibition against employing boys and youths in nightwork. Nothing concerning the hours of labour for adults, or the wages paid to journeymen.

There has just been made public a return tending to show how bakers are getting on under the protection of the new act. As in many other cases of exceptional legislation, those whom it was intended to benefit are not exactly satisfied with the result. Last summer Mr. Tremenheere made inquiries of the various officers of health concerning the extent to which the act had been put in operation. About two thousand bakehouses in the metropolis were reported on by the medical officers of the various District Health Boards. It is curious to look over the list of things which had *not* been done, and which required the health officers to stir up the master bakers a little. Not cleaned nor whitewashed; drains out of repair; no water supply to closets; closet separated from bakehouse only by a thin partition, or by nothing at all; no ventilation; "floor more than one foot deep in rotten refuse;" drains without traps; rabbits kept in the bakehouse; ceilings and walls crumbling away; very dirty in all respects; an uncovered dust-heap in a bakehouse; open cesspools; too little light; covered with cobwebs; fowls, ducks, and pigs kept close to the bakehouse; no dust-bin; the drying of dyed hair and the baking of bread carried on alternately in the same bakehouse; stable and stable refuse close to the bakehouse, &c. Now, these are not very pleasant accompaniments to "best wheat bread," its making and baking; but it must be remembered that the instances were spread over an aggregate of two thousand, that the act had not been long in operation, and that the bakers promised to be very good people indeed when the medical officers pointed out to them what was necessary to be done. Mr. Tremenheere gathered from these several reports that the evils above named were calculated to injure both the health of the persons employed and the purity of the bread made, but that they were in a fair way to be gradually removed. As to the maintenance of sleeping-places within the bakehouse, or to the employment of youths and boys during the night, the reports spoke of very few instances indeed in the metropolis. In connexion with the same inquiry, about fourteen hundred bakehouses were reported upon in Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, York, Nottingham, and Plymouth; and the general tenor of the whole was, that the bakers were polishing up as fast as

could reasonably be expected. At Bristol it was found that there were exactly half as many bakehouses as persons employed in them, or two men and youths to each bakehouse—a proportion which shows that the establishments are mostly very small. All seemed going on pretty well in a course of gradual improvement.

Last autumn, however, the Operative Bakers' Vigilance Association hit out right and left, giving their masters a heavy blow and severe discouragement. They memorialised the Home Secretary, asserting that the act was nearly in abeyance; that in the majority of parishes in the metropolis its provisions had been totally unheeded; that in hundreds of bakehouses in the metropolis youths under eighteen years of age were still employed by night; that in all parts of London and its environs sleeping in the bakehouses continued to be a common practice; and that "a vast number of bakehouses are still in that filthy condition as to be totally unfit places in which to manufacture the staple food of the public." The authorities were taken aback at this; they did not know whether black is white, or white black, or either, or neither, or both. Sir George Grey, who had succeeded Sir George Lewis at the Home Office, could not examine two thousand bakehouses and ascertain for himself; he therefore requested Mr. Tremeneere to dive into the matter, and to get at the truth. Quite recently (in the month of March), Mr. Tremeneere reported that he had caused the parish officers and the health officers to inquire into every one of these cases in detail. Some were found not to be in any wise correct, some exaggerated, and others in course of amendment; so that the balance on the whole of the evidence tends to the probability that the Bakehouses Regulation Act bids fair to be honestly carried out by degrees. The other facts, however, remain pretty nearly unaltered. The journeymen bakers still work very long hours, still work at night, still lead a strange undomesticated life. And many of them feel it sensitively.

When Lord Palmerston was Home Secretary, a few years ago, a journeyman baker sent him a MS. poem of considerable length, called *A Voice from the Oven*; his lordship transmitted it to Mr. Tremeneere, and some of the stanzas now have the honour of living in a parliamentary blue book. The poet thinks that, if councils of conciliation were appointed, to regulate all matters between masters and men, it might happily come to pass that

Truth, Reason, and Justice conducting the trade,
Which all would rejoice in, no one could evade
Fair prices, fair hours; fair treatment as men
We may rest assured we all should have then;
When every master his own time should choose,
Confined to fair hours; and none will refuse,
On needful occasions, just a little over,
So it's not systematic—

After adding

—In truth I must own I am
Averse to live longer in this Pandemonium—
he breaks forth into a glow of hope:

So far as I can see,
Such a glorious thing 'twill be
When bakers shall no longer work like slaves,
But enjoy their fair rest then,
Like other working men,
Nor sink into their early pauper graves.

The poetry may not be such as would earn the crown of the laureate; but it expresses a real thought, and a real feeling.

RED JIM.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years ago it was such a summer, here in Victoria, as it now is in the end of February, 1865; that is to say, the bush grass lay long and dead amid moveless trees, or upon the level tiresome plains; the heated air quivered against the low horizon, and danced above the withered verdure like the surroundings of a furnace. There had been a long season of drought. Nothing but dry water-beds, distressed flocks, and wandering cattle, were to be seen anywhere; sometimes the black heavy masses of smoke would roll along the distant sky, and cloud the glaring sun to crimson. Sometimes in the close night a flush, far and faint, told that the conflagrations which had not yet reached us were sweeping many an acre of brush or pasture land. That was a summer I shall never forget! Day after day the same bright dazzling sky, the scorched hills and plains, the weary irritating sense of prostration. I watched the poor half-maddened sheep, weeks upon weeks, with a painful sense of duty which is present to me even now. There was little feed they could eat, and still less of filthy stagnant water in the sole muddy pool on which they depended as their last resource. Listlessly they coiled in the shade, and listlessly I watched them, until I began to experience a fierce irritable longing for rain that haunted me day and night like a coming mania. Some nights, I threw myself down outside the hut and tried to sleep, but could find no rest; the still hot atmosphere kept up the fever that was coming upon me, and my slumber was ever broken. I used to envy the old station horse they had left for my use, when I heard him nibbling among the grass in the darkness of the night, and snorting satisfaction that the sun had passed the hazy hills. After a time I began to loathe the weary walk home, and, taking with me an extra supply of tea and damper, made a practice of camping where the sheep camped: visiting my hut only as the vagaries of the flock led me to its vicinity; then I replenished my stock, and left with the sheep again. I am sure I had fever, and would soon have become delirious, for I had nothing to relieve the frightful monotony—always the same brazen sky, the dead sweltering heat, the motionless forest, the strange murmurings of the wilderness, like the faint whisperings of a sea-shell.

One night I was lying tossing about in the long grass of a box-swamp, not a mile from my hut. I chose the place, because the ground was cooler there than on the unsheltered plain; and

as I looked up to the dull starlight, I thought of many of my boyish remembrances, and soon felt that I was weeping what time they surged up dimly and tenderly. How I longed for the bleak sky, the cold bracing wind, and the sleety rain of home! How I longed for the pattering fall of rain on the windows, and the winter comfort of the bright hearthstone. Somehow these longings wove in with my thoughts, and in a partial dream I heard winter sounds again, and loud words, and laughter.

I awoke with a sudden start to see, not twenty yards from me, three men hobbling their horses, and speaking to each other about some bush fire. I could hardly persuade myself that I was not still dreaming.

One of the men was soon engaged in lighting a fire on a bare patch of ground, and I was about rising to join them and taste of companionship once more, when a column of flame started up suddenly and displayed a face that caused me to shrink back again, with a muttered thanksgiving that I was not discovered. The face that the fire revealed, was known to me at once, though I had never seen it before. The one eye and hair lip of "Red Jim" had been freely spoken about in every shepherd's hut on the surrounding stations. There was no mistaking him. The bull-dog forehead, the heavy jaw, and the thick neck, were features that in themselves would have sufficiently pointed out the identity of this escaped convict. Recalling the man now, as I saw him then, I think I never beheld so perfect an impersonation of a bad criminal. It was well known that Red Jim had escaped from penal servitude, accompanied by three others, but had arrived in this colony *alone*. It was equally well known that he could only have survived the incredible journey by cannibalism. Red Jim had ruthlessly murdered one or two settlers against whom he entertained a grudge, and every effort was being at that time made to capture him. There was nothing remarkable in the faces of his companions. They simply showed by word and feature all the evidences of ruffianism usual in men of their class. They had coarse long limbs and heavy reckless faces, seared into revolting harshness by a long series of crimes. Two of them were armed with guns.

These thoughts and observations passed through my mind in much less time than it takes to write them. I was speedily recalled from speculation by hearing the word "Hallelujah" used. Hallelujah was the sobriquet given to my master because of his strictly adhering to the habit of reading prayers in the family, morning and evening. Mr. Christmas was a kind benevolent man, respected by every "hand" on the station; and by none more than by myself. He had been very considerate to me in a late illness, and often sought by many subsequent attentions to cheer the loneliness of my employment. One of Red Jim's companions, in answer to something Red Jim said, replied with an oath:

"Yes, we'll see if his psalm-singing will save him now."

Then the other said: "There are a couple of women there, and we shall have time to give them a taste of bush life before morning."

"Look ye 'ere," growled the ruffian, "we'll roast Hallelujah first. That's our look-out. We'll see if the old prayer-patterer has nothing else to do but help to run us down. Give him a taste of fire before the devil gets him."

I had no fever, no lassitude, now; the prostration of the last few weeks left me as by magic, and in its stead I felt a fierce delightful energy tingling along every nerve. Down close amongst the dry tundering grass, away with suppressed breath, and a wild feeling closing round my heart, I crept from the vicinity of the fire. I pursued my way, on my hands and knees, with a slow determined care that has since surprised me, avoiding every branch or twig that might crackle in my path. I hurried on past the flock without so much as disturbing a sheep.

Not till a long safe distance intervened did I stand erect, and fresh for the events of the night. Whatever they might be, God in his mercy alone knew.

I turned and saw the black forms of the bushrangers moving about the blaze, and with a run I started for the hut. Before a quarter of an hour passed, I saw it dimly against the sky, and almost at the same instant a frightened snort told me that the horse was within a few yards of my course. Uttering a hurried thanksgiving that I had found him so providentially near, I unfastened the hobbles with quick steady hands, and led him to the threshold.

I put on the patched saddle and bridle, and in another five minutes the fine old cob was stretching himself to a swift free gallop. My mind was too full for thought; but I can remember uttering repeatedly the words "Thank God!"

What a contrast to the still hot monotonous days, and the enervated frame! What a testimony to the power of mental excitement over bodily lassitude! The horse felt my determination too, and sped along without pause or stumble. It was seven miles to the station, and the black belts of timber rose, and passed, and came again, as I hurried on for dear life, over crabbed ground and abrupt hillocks. The brave old cob had as little thought of rest as I had. Once, indeed, he paused at a rocky crossing-place, but immediately resumed the swift pace at which we had started. Have horses intuition, or presentiment? I don't know; but I have often wondered at the long unurged gallop of that brave old gelding.

There away beyond in the black darkness, I see something that is not a star. Is it moving, or is it the pace of the horse? It seems extinguished now. No, there it is again. Hurrah, it is a candle. It is the homestead, calm and peaceful. Again, thank God.

Strange to say, I never felt such a sense of pleasure as I did when I learned that I had found the house so quickly—the most familiar point is not easily gained in the trackless bush at night. A minute more, and I had dismounted

to take down the slip panels of the station fence; another minute, and I had galloped up to the front entrance at a pace that dashed the gravel from the trim-kept paths.

The door opened, and a gush of light streamed upon the darkness, glinting on the sides of the reeking horse. Mr. Christmas himself—old, but hale and vigorous as many a younger man—peered out into the night with an expression of surprise. In beyond, were the evidences of calm and refinement. A quiet comfort dwelt in the little glimpse I had of the room, that settled upon me even then, rough bushman as I was, with a pleasing sense. I can recal myself, bending below the withers of the panting horse, to peer under the rather low verandah, my dress wet with perspiration from his heavy sides, and my hand pressing the moisture from his shoulder till I heard it fall pattering on the gravel.

Mr. Christmas thought it was the working overseer, for he said, "Is that you, Curran?" and without waiting for a reply, he turned to place the light upon the table, and then stepped out to where I was.

"Well, Curran, what is it? I thought you were at the fire."

"It is not Curran, sir," I replied, "but Ned, the shepherd. I have come to tell you—"

"Better have your supper first, Ned. You've had a hard ride, I see. Are the sheep all right?"

"There is no time for supper. Red Jim!"

I hurriedly told him all I knew. He heard me to the end without once interrupting, and then said quickly, "Come in. There is indeed no time to lose."

I stepped after him across the pleasant room, where there were seated two ladies reading.

"Ladies," said Mr. Christmas, as gracefully as though I held the position of a gentleman rather than that of a servant: "this is Ned Graham, the shepherd, to whom you remember sending medicine and comforts during his illness." The ladies bowed pleasantly as Mr. Christmas continued, "He is now come to return your kindness with interest."

They looked at me with some surprise: principally, I think, because of the emphatic, distinct way in which the last few words were spoken. After a pause, the master said, "Amelia, Emily—I wish to speak to you both for a moment."

They all three left the room, while I, curious in such matters, looked at the open books that were lying on the table. One was *Ivanhoe*; a second some French work; and that opposite the old gentleman's chair, a large family Bible.

In a few minutes I heard Mr. Christmas's step as he returned with two double-barrelled guns. There was a rigid expression on his face, very different to what I had ever seen there before: not the slightest evidence of faltering or fear.

"Are you cool, and a good shot?" were the first words he uttered.

"I am, sir," I replied, confidently. "Are the guns loaded, and the ladies safe?"

"They are in as safe a position as I can find for them, Ned, and the guns are loaded with coarse shot and ball. You had better see if the powder is well up into the nipples. I am sorry to say my caps are none of the best. A shot missed, may be death to us, and to those I value more than myself. However, we are in the hands of God."

"What plan do you purpose, Mr. Christmas?" I asked, earnestly.

"Take half a glass of brandy, and I will tell you."

He signed to the sideboard, where a decanter stood. I was about to follow his suggestion, when he said, "Stay! Don't pass between the light and the window. Go round the table. Everything must wear the appearance of peace. We cannot tell where they are now, and it would not do to arouse their suspicions."

In a few minutes the light was extinguished, the door was bolted, and we stepped quietly out on the little parterre in front.

"Now," said my master, slowly, "there are only our two selves to defend my home and my children. My servants are all absent at a bush fire that was reported this afternoon, and everything will depend upon our coolness and determination. We cannot do otherwise than shoot to kill. The gang will, of course, enter by the slip panels, for they will not run the risk of leaving their horses behind. Then, as the faintest noise can be heard on such a night as this, they will not hazard the pulling down of the fence. We will each take up a position behind the large posts, take sure aim, and fire low. I'll fire first."

As silently as spectres, we walked across to the paddock entrance, and stood opposite each other at the place indicated. With straining eyes and beating heart, I peered into the obscurity. Afar, I thought I could see a faint tint on the sky, like the reflexion of the ruffian's camp-fire. The night was terribly silent and oppressive. There was nothing apparently on which to exercise the senses but a kind of overpowering hush. There was a dim hazy curtain across the sky, and the night was of a black darkness. I should have thought oftentimes that I was dreaming, were it not for the patient motionless figure opposite, and the faint stars. Inaction under such circumstances is hardly to be borne, and my thoughts often wandered from their very intensity. I began to speculate how long it would take a star to pass some black ragged patch of cloud, and then I would look before me and see it dancing on the darkness. Then the face of Red Jim would grow upon me, till I saw the hideous features close to where I stood. Still, no sound broke on the dark shrouding night. Sometimes I thought, with a chilly start, that the bushrangers might have approached the house by some other way, but up behind me all was quiet.

At last there came a thin faint murmur that barely caught the ear, and as I listened to know if it were real, I caught another but better defined noise that overpowered the first. At last I detected something that might be the foot-

falls of a horse; sometimes it would die away and come again, but each time more clearly than before. And yet I could not feel certain that I was not deceiving myself. Eventually I heard a muffled sound, distinct and defined enough to proclaim the approach of a horse, or horses.

Mr. Christmas heard it also, for I dimly saw him move.

My hands felt along the cool barrels, and toyed with the hammers and triggers anxiously enough, and I put the gun to my shoulder against the sky, but failed to see the "view." Just as I had taken the weapon down again, Mr. Christmas said, in a clear low whisper, "Be sure you aim low, and don't be in a hurry."

As the sounds of the horses' hoofs, and of voices mingled, I detected the double click from the opposite gun. I followed the example, and, with both guns cocked, we waited the enemy's nearer approach. Gradually, I recognised the outlines of the men against the sky, cloudy as it was; they were approaching in single file, and as they became blacker and better defined, I heard a stifled laugh and an oath. In a short time they were within twenty yards of where we stood, and they pulled up to consult. Although they spoke in whispers, I heard much that passed, for my sense of hearing had become extremely acute, as that of all shepherds does. It was impossible to distinguish by the tones who the speakers were, but I heard one of them inquire:

"Are you sure the hands ain't above?"

"Sartain—when Leary spun his yarn about the fire, the cove sent 'em all away to it."

"Hallelujah fast. If we fire the box, it'll bring 'em back."

"And no grabbing the molls," whispered one of them, authoritatively, and whom I fancied was Red Jim, "till I make the cursed old psalm-singer a back log for the bonfire. Then we'll make love if you choose."

"Come on!" said an impatient voice; "don't hold a prayer meeting over it."

They then tied their horses to a fence that ran at right angles to the post against which I stood, and approached the entrance still in single file. I determined to adhere strictly to the orders I had received, and waited for the opposite fire. I knew that my companion would allow the men to advance a little, so that he might not endanger me; and it was with a throbbing heart that I saw the black form of the first bushranger pass between us.

I heard him stumble with an oath over a cart-rut. Then a line of flame cut its abrupt short track on the darkness, and the sound had not passed to echoes before a shrill cry followed it, as the villain staggered on a few paces and fell, ploughing up the dust. The light of the discharge had just died out, when I heard another snap, as a sportsman shoots when firing right and left. I knew that the master's gun was now useless.

"Come on, Nix! It's the cove himself. I saw him by the light of the shot; his sting's gone now." And one of the men rushed to where my master stood, followed by his comrade.

I had one of them covered, but if I fired (I heard the noise of struggling) I might kill my master. Thus I stood with the gun at aim, undecided and half mad. The voice of one of the men saying "Damn you, knife him!" resolved me, and I fired amongst them. I saw some one sink down, but I could not tell who it was, and, as he appeared to let go his hold, and rush to the horses, I took a second hurried aim and fired; then I bounded across the entrance, just in time to see the wounded wretch bending over Mr. Christmas and trying to strangle him. In a moment the gun was poised and smashed to fragments on his skull. But we had exposed our strength, and the remaining bushranger, who believed he had stabbed my companion, seized one of the guns left standing at the fence, and fired. The ball was unpleasantly close, and I had scarce time to know that I was uninjured, when Red Jim himself was upon me with the weapon clubbed. I made a rapid spring at him before the blow could fall, and, grappled with him. We rolled on the ground together. With all the force of my strength I resisted his efforts to grasp me by the throat, but at last his hideous face sunk close to mine, and his teeth met beneath my chin. I experienced a suffocating giddy feeling, and then I heard hurried voices and running feet just as I felt my grip relax powerless. But the frightful gripe relaxed too, and Red Jim rose to his feet, and jumped on my chest with all his force.

When I came to consciousness, I found myself in the cheerful parlour, and the ladies' hands were tenderly washing away the traces of the fight. Mr. Christmas had fainted from loss of blood, but was not dangerously wounded.

Red Jim escaped, but his two companions, neither of whom was killed, were given into the safe keeping of the authorities, and afterwards hanged. Three years after the affray, Mr. Christmas made me his overseer, and finally his manager. A long time has passed since then, but yet a closer relationship exists between us. I am writing the tale of my early experiences at the same table whereon I saw the Bible on that memorable night. There is a lady who sits opposite to me. She was the reader of *Ivanhoe*, the daughter of Mr. Christmas, and she is my wife.

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